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ON THE USE OF ENGLISH CLASSICAL LITERATURE IN THE WORK OF EDUCATION.

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SIR WALTER SCOTT somewhere tells a story of a nobleman, who, while travelling on the continent, visited one of the most romantic and beautiful scenes in Switzerland. Struck with the magnificence of the view, his lordship asked the guide if this was not considered one of the finest prospects in the world. "There is but one equal to it, I believe;" was the reply, "and that is the Pass of — in Scotland." "The Pass of —!" exclaimed the noble traveller, "why, that is on my own estate, and I have never seen it." The case of the Scottish nobleman is, in some sense or other, the case of nearly every one of us. The past, the distant, and the strange, attract us more powerfully and fix our attention more closely than those facts and objects which are contemporaneous and immediately before our eyes. In some instances, at all events, the sympathy seems to increase with the distance. Thus it fares with our national literature as compared with that of ancient Greece and Rome. Many persons who are competently or even deeply versed in the latter, have a very slender acquaintance with the former. Good *classical* scholars are often met with; good English scholars are scarce. By a good English scholar, I mean not simply one who has a general knowledge of his country's authors, and who writes and speaks his mother-tongue with correctness and elegance, but rather one who has studiously in-

vestigated the origin, development, and constitution of his native speech, and has nightly and daily revolved the great exemplars of his native literature. Now it is certainly not my wish to disparage the study of the Greek and Latin Classics, or to censure those who have expended much time and attention upon them; assuredly, in judging others, I should here be condemning myself. Classical Literature deserves the attention it has received; and to point out its value as an educating agency, to insist on the fact that it underlies all modern literatures and is necessary to make them intelligible, that it embodies some of the sublimest thoughts that the mind of man has conceived, expressed in the most perfect forms of utterance that man's organs of speech have fashioned, would only be to repeat statements that have long since been worn down into truisms. But, as far as Englishmen are concerned, the writers of Greece and Rome can no longer claim to occupy the chief seats at the feast of reason. They must give place to a later birth of time. Henceforth their true position is a secondary one. They do but prepare the way for communion with the moderns; and, as these increase, they must even more and more decrease in their demands on the homage of the great brotherhood of scholars. It is a pity then to meet with Englishmen who, while they are intimately conversant with the magnificent scenes and images

to be found in the poetry of ancient Greece, have scarcely ever allowed their eyes to rest on the beautiful landscapes that adorn their literary inheritance at home.

The fact that examples of this kind are not uncommon is unquestionably due to the prevailing systems of education.

Of a thoroughly liberal education the ancient classics have for generations been in this country the recognised basis and chief element. And in principle this is sound and good. To be imbued with the spirit of ancient literature, does at once refine and liberalise, gives somehow a larger prospect and a manlier tone. At the same time to learn languages so elaborate, so copious, so mechanically perfect as Greek and Latin, is a training and discipline to the mind the like of which, take it for all in all, has not yet been discovered. But, even in our great public Schools, why should not the study of English authors have a recognised place side by side with that of the ancients? why should not the English language be scientifically taught in friendly rivalry with Greek and Latin? Unquestionably the association would be mutually advantageous. Something indeed would have to be abstracted from the time allotted to the present monopolists; but what they might lose in this way they would gain by the cheering and stimulating influence of such companionship on the minds of the scholars. Possibly, indeed, in many schools there may be an approach to the recognition of the claims of English literature. Passages from standard poets may be learnt by heart; occasional reference may be made to standard prose writers; but that our national literature is admitted into the programme on anything like equal terms with its elder sisters no one will assert. The claim here made for it would secure it a position somewhat more equivalent to its merits. Then a play of Sophocles would alternate with a play of Shakspeare; Homer and Milton would interchange civilities; and the student would pass from Thucydides or Tacitus in the morning to

Clarendon or Gibbon in the afternoon. And it would be the fault of the teacher if this interchange were allowed to be a transition from serious study to light reading. There should be the same laborious "getting-up" of the English author as of the ancient; language and matter ought to be as closely analysed in the one case as in the other; the student should be encouraged to discover resemblances or contrasts of sentiment; to detect affinities of language, differences of idiom, peculiarities of structure illustrating the laws of comparative grammar. Among other advantages of such a method of education, there would be this very important one, that the studies of school would no longer seem so remote from the realities of life. The intervention of modern thought and modern speech would flash light into the dark places of antiquity, and would unite the world of two thousand years ago with the busy progressive world of to-day. It will perhaps be urged that our public schools, engaged as they are in preparing their pupils for a University career, can only recognise those studies which are available for the achievement of University distinction. It may be replied that, by having learnt Greek and Latin in co-partnership with English, nothing would be lost at Oxford, where varied and general accomplishments always tell on the results of an examination; or at Cambridge, where the power to translate into elegant and idiomatic vernacular goes some way towards securing a good place in the tripos.

Besides, it would surely not be beneath the dignity of our great Universities to recognise a little more decidedly than they do the fact that we have the noblest native literature in the world. They might make some other use of Shakspeare, Massinger, Milton, and Tennyson, besides drawing on them for matter convertible into iambics or anapests, elegiacs or aleaics. Bacon and Burke assume readily enough, under competent manipulation, an Attic or a Roman dress, but they have also other and greater merits which deserve to be recognized.

I cannot persuade myself that a paper on English literature and language would be out of place among the subjects of the classical tripos; but, if it would, a corner might be kept in "the moral sciences," which would be none the worse and none the less popular for such a haven. It is, however, in connexion with what is called "middle-class education" that the claims of English literature may be most effectively urged. In that literature, properly handled, we have a most valuable agency for the moral and intellectual culture of the professional and commercial classes. By means of that literature it seems to me that we might act very beneficially on the national mind, and do much to refine and invigorate the national character. How is it, as things are now, with the education of the upper middle classes? They are generally brought up at provincial grammar-schools, or at academies entitled "classical." They learn Greek and Latin up to a certain point—Cæsar and Virgil in one case, and Xenophon and the first book of the *Iliad* in the other, being generally the utmost bourne of their travels.

Now, in many of these schools the classics are indifferently taught;—superficially, clumsily, with slurring of difficulties and neglect of niceties, because taught by men whose scholarship is neither very accurate nor very profound. Hence boys do not gain from their lessons much command over the language, or much insight into the author. In ordinary cases a few years suffice to obliterate most of what has been learnt, and a very faint and scarcely discernible aroma of classical knowledge is all that remains. But besides Greek and Latin, other subjects enter into the curriculum of the schools in question. There are, of course, "all the usual branches of an English education." And which be they? History, as exhibited in the pages of Pinnock's *Goldsmith*; geography, according to some one or other of the popular manuals; and arithmetic, not now indeed "according to Cocker," but most likely according to Colenso. There are, besides, the *ologies*—smatterings of

physical science, shreds and patches of information on a good many subjects; here a globule of chemistry, there a pittance of astronomy, a screw of botany at one time, a pinch of mechanical philosophy at another. To crown all, the department of taste is probably under the care of Enfield's Speaker, or some kindred work. Now, undoubtedly some of the subjects referred to here must be taught in schools of the class I am describing. History and geography are indispensable; but then they surely need not be taught exclusively through the medium of arid manuals, as free from warmth, colour, sentiment, as a table of contents? Again, physical science should not in these days of utility and progress be overlooked; teach it by all means, but select some one branch and teach it thoroughly. When, however, all this has been done, a great want still remains to be supplied. Nothing has so far been effected for the development of higher thought, for the culture of the imagination, for the expansion and elevation of the moral feelings. To accomplish this we want an educating element combining in itself thought, imagination, sentiment, expression. Such an element is the national standard literature, the utterance of the highest and most gifted minds of the nation. This then is my plea,—that the English classics are admirably fitted for purposes of education, and that it is very desirable to teach them systematically in our schools, and especially in those schools where it is impossible that the majority of the pupils can ever become good Greek or Latin scholars. Greek and Latin should not, indeed, be altogether banished from such schools; but they should be taught, not as they now are, in a shambling, purposeless sort of way, but expressly and distinctively with a view to their bearing on English—that is, for the sake of illustrating the constitution of our own language and the principles of universal grammar.

Now, when any one contemplates such an innovation upon existing systems of education as that involved in my propo-

sition, it is incumbent on him to spend some time and trouble in setting forth the practical advantages of the study he recommends, and in showing how it may be prosecuted to most advantage. It remains to do this, and it shall be done as fully as space will permit and consideration for the reader justify.

"I. In the first place, I have already anticipated, in some degree, the argument from the merits of the national literature itself—the *argumentum ad pudorem* I may call it—which bids us remember that it is a shame to neglect the intellectual treasures we possess, and that to set aside our standard authors in favour of manuals and compendiums, and catechisms, is to teach the mental appetite to leave ambrosial food "and prey on garbage."

Then again the example of the ancients themselves may be urged. Though captive Greece captured in turn her fierce conqueror, and in some degree domesticated her literature and language on the banks of the Tiber, yet the education of young Rome was not the less carried on by the help of native authors. The expressive words of Juvenal tell us how well-thumbed were the Horace and Virgil of the Roman school-boy :—

"quum totus decolor esset
Flaccus, et hæreret nigro fuligo
Maroni."

The value of English literature as an instrument of mental training will be more easily seen if people can be brought to admit that the young may be taught to *reason* and to *think*, not only by means of technical contrivances, such as Logic and Mathematics, but at least as well by converse with a thoughtful writer, and by the careful study and analysis of the arguments of a great reasoner.

Important indeed is the use of Geometry in the education of the reasoning powers. But what makes it so effective? It is the rigid and inflexible necessity with which one step is evolved out of another, and immediately follows it. By contemplating this sequence the

mind is insensibly trained to discriminate between the relevant and the irrelevant in argument, and to recognise the proper relation between premises and conclusion, while it is disciplined to the habit of patient and concentrated attention. Now, without any intention of superseding geometry, it may safely be asserted that when, through its agency, some foundation has been laid, and the reasoning powers have been awakened into incipient activity, the process of their development may very well be carried on by means of standard works characterised by great closeness and strength of argument. Such a work, for instance, is "Chillingworth's Religion of Protestants." I mention it for its excellence in this respect, and not because it is in any other respect particularly adapted for an educational textbook. Nowhere can better examples be found of closely riveted chains of reasoning, of sophistries detected and exposed, of the refutation of fallacies dependent for their semblances of truth on ambiguity of language. A chapter or two of such a work, carefully dissected and thoroughly mastered, would do a great deal towards strengthening a pupil's reasoning powers, and would very materially enlighten him as to what reasoning actually is. So again, if you want to call forth and stimulate *thought*, what more suggestive than that household book, the *Essays of Bacon*, or than some of the prose works of Raleigh and Milton? If, on the other hand, the mind is to be directed to social and political questions, is to be aided in forming opinions on law and government, is to be made wise and prudent by the lessons of the past, it will be found that Clarendon, and Robertson, and Hallam, and Macintosh, and Macaulay are not bad substitutes for Thucydides, Livy, and Tacitus, when the latter cannot be had, and that Burke and Adam Smith are competent to fill up, with fair credit, the hiatus made by the absence of Aristotle and Cicero. But our case seems strongest when we come to consider the use that might be made of the English poets in

the work of education. The culture of the imagination is an important element in the training of the young ; its importance, indeed, appears in these days to be rather underrated than otherwise. Some people seem afraid of this faculty, as if it were—when viewed in connexion with the other children of *Nous*—the spendthrift and prodigal of the family. "Young persons," say the grave and elderly, "are apt to be carried away by their imagination." True ; it is not, however, the *strength* but the *irregularity* of the imagination that misleads. And, therefore, it is all the more necessary to train and educate it.

This is to be done not merely by ballasting it with solid and sober material, but also by giving it the choicest and purest varieties of that provision on which it delights to feed. Its aberrations and extravagancies will be best corrected by means of homœopathic treatment. To this end we must have recourse to poetry. In the long succession of our great poets, from the days of Chaucer to our own day, we have exhaustless nutriment adapted not only to invigorate and brighten the imagination, but also to give it a sound and healthy bias, and to store it with noble and elevated creations.

And it is not, let us remember, the imagination only that poetry of the higher kind educates ; its influence extends to many of the intellectual and moral faculties ; it pours into the soul, with the rich flood of song, the profoundest truths of divine philosophy itself. It is the expression of the purest and most generous emotions of the deep heart of man. It catches the manners living as they rise, and perpetuates the very form and pressure of the time. It mirrors the varied loveliness of nature, and ever and anon throws gleams of light into her infinite mysteries. Not vainly, therefore, did poetry bear so large a part in the education of the world when the world was young. Not vainly was old Homer the text-book for many a generation of the youth of Athens, and helped to form the warriors who defended, and the

statesmen who governed, and the orators who fulminated over Greece. That subtle, busy, questioning, Attic mind, too, owed the activity of its play, and the brightness of its polish to contact with the highest type of poetry, when year after year the great theatre of Bacchus was vocal with the "mighty lines" of *Æschylus*, or witnessed the stately tread of the "Sophoclean cothurnus." And whatever Homer and the Dramatists could do for Greece, Shakspeare and Spenser and Milton can do for the education of the youth of England. If these, our great national prophets, prophecy to us through a less polished and perfect organ, they are not, at all events, one whit behind the chiefest of the ancients in the sublimity of their sentiments, or the splendour of their imagery. Nay, compare sentiment with sentiment, and image with image, and it will be found, if partiality do not warp the judgment, that our moderns as much excel the ancients in the loftiness of their thoughts, as the latter surpass them in felicity of expression. It is to be suspected, indeed, that the excellence of the medium, in the case of Greek poetry, often, like perfection of taste in dress, gives a false air of beauty and dignity to a sentiment which is really very common-place.

Consider now what must have been accomplished for him who has been made thoroughly conversant with some of Shakspeare's masterpieces, with *Hamlet* and *Lear*, with *Macbeth* and *Julius Cæsar*. He has been introduced to scenes calculated to awaken some of the strongest and deepest emotions of his soul ; he has listened to the almost prophetic voice of "old experience ;" he has gazed upon the swift and complicated action of the world's machinery ; he has pored over the most graphic and life-like delineations of human nature ; character, life, wisdom, feeling,—he has been in contact with them all ; and surely his spirit must be "duller than the fat weed that rots on Lethe's wharf," if it is not stirred, and taught, and disciplined by the association.

And here it must be urged, that to

develop certain intellectual faculties, to improve the memory, to strengthen the reasoning powers, to cultivate the habit of abstraction, is not all the work that education has to do. Its province is of far wider range, and includes still more exalted aims. Its processes are as much moral as intellectual, embrace within their sphere all the tempers, habits, qualities, tendencies of the man, and are consummated by all possible appliances and influences that can act on every separate element of man's nature.

Now this consideration will enable us more decisively to contend for the educating power of our own English literature. For observe the society into which it introduces us! We are brought by it into contact with minds of the loftiest order. And what does more to form and fashion us than our companionship? Insensibly we become assimilated to those with whom we associate. Just as those minute insects which we may discover in the grass wear the livery of that green herbage on which they batten, so virtue is always passing out of great authors into their readers. Not only the sentiments, but the very soul and spirit are transfused. Thus the study of an elevated literature will silently and little by little take effect on the man's nature, and the various elements of character will grow in correspondence with the influences that act on them.

"Ut flos in septis secretus nascitur hortis
Quem mulcent auræ, firmat sol, educat
imber."

Catholicity of feeling and breadth of views will, in some measure at all events, result from such influences. The student will learn to appreciate the temper with which great minds approach the consideration of great questions; he will discover that truth is many-sided, that it is not identical or merely co-extensive with individual opinion, and that the world is a good deal wider than his own sect, or party, or class. And such a lesson the middle classes of this country greatly need. They are generally *honest* in their opinions, but in too many cases they are *narrow*.

It must be remembered that there is a wide distinction between *narrowness* and *definiteness* of view. On this point people are apt to mistake. Those who complain of the narrowness of party views are very often regarded as advocating laxity and vagueness in matters of opinion. They are stigmatised as latitudinarian in a bad sense. No charge can be more unfair. The true latitudinarian does not disparage clearness and distinctiveness of opinion, but only one-sided dogmatism and overstrained compression of truth. Now the tendency of earnest middle-class Englishmen is to compress truth, to square and shape it into formulas and to confine it within party limits. The fact scarcely needs illustrating. Take the case of religion. The whole field of it is divided into petty enclosures, overgrown with an iron crop of shibboleths. Whenever an honest Englishman looks beyond the verge of his own circle and takes a peep into his neighbour's enclosure, he inevitably draws back his head with a grave shake and a subdued muttering, a few words of which, such as "unsound," "dangerous," "heterodox," are alone permitted to reach the ear. The same sort of thing exhibits itself with regard to social and political questions. The majority of fairly intelligent every-day people can only look at them from their own confined point of view. They base their opinions on the contracted foundation of the little sphere in which they move, and apply to the interests of an empire the maxims and rules which they draw from the experiences of the market and the shop. To this the use of English literature in education would, in some measure at least, supply a corrective. It would assist in the formation of deeper and broader views in religion and politics. It would do so, not so much because such views are to be found in the works of our standard writers—though this is necessarily true—but because it would strengthen and enlarge the mind's range of vision, and would breathe a loftier and more catholic spirit into the soul. Another and a

kindred result would be increase and extension of the sympathies. Large views help to generate large sympathies; and, by converse with the thoughts and utterances of those who are intellectual leaders of the race, our heart comes to beat in accord with the feelings of universal humanity. We discover that no differences of class, or party, or creed, can destroy the power of genius to charm and to instruct, and that above the smoke and stir, the din and turmoil of man's lower life of care and business and debate, there is a serene and luminous region of truth where all may meet and expatiate in common. A zealous monarchist and Stuart partizan may, while studying the political history of the great Civil War, come bitterly to dislike, and angrily to denounce the Secretary of Cromwell and author of the "Defensio Populi Anglicani;" but when he makes acquaintance with the rich and luxuriant poetry of "Comus," or when the solemn organ-like melodies of "Paradise Lost" are heard by him, his prejudice is disarmed, he is irresistibly taken captive, and he finds that the great political and ecclesiastical hierarch and himself have a common heritage, and are citizens of one common city. It is, indeed, a good thing that men should be constrained to admire those with whom, in matters of opinion, they disagree; and high genius joined with high moral tone and purpose can enforce such admiration.

Yet again it may be contended that an education, based on the national literature, would assist in developing a spirit of enlightened patriotism. Englishmen, indeed, are anything but unpatriotic; they love their country, glory in its renown, are willing to die for its safety; but they do not always seem to understand wherein its chief nobility lies. They are fascinated by its historic renown, by its commercial enterprise, by its material resources; they are not sufficiently alive to the measureless importance of an elevated national character. They need to be taught to appreciate thoroughly those moral qualities traditionally regarded as

distinctively English. Their education should be such as to inspire them with a love for manly sincerity, stainless faith, fearless advocacy of truth. These are doubtless in some sense national traits; the germs of them are latent in the unformed nature of the English boy; but they must be *drawn forth*, and the high, generous, and manly spirit that breathes in English literature is exactly the agency for *educing* them. Again, the English character is confessedly deficient in refinement. The *natural* Englishman is almost always coarse; his tendencies are somewhat animal, and his tastes incline to the boisterous and material. Now we have all known, ever since we first learnt our Latin syntax, that acquaintance with the liberal arts softens and refines. Assuredly then among the liberal arts that so humanize, standard literature occupies the first place. If anything will take coarseness and vulgarity out of a soul, it must be refined images and elevated sentiments. As a clown will instinctively tread lightly and feel ashamed of his hob-nailed shoes in a lady's boudoir, so a vulgar mind may, by converse with minds of high culture, be brought to see and deplore the contrast between itself and them, and to make an earnest effort to put off its vulgarity.

A reference to taste and refinement suggests the thought that an early introduction to really great writers would have the effect of improving the prevailing literary taste of future generations. A course of standard authors would be found a powerful corrective of any excessive liking for the feeble, shallow, ephemeral literature that is now so much in vogue. There is, however, yet another argument which I must ask leave to advance on behalf of the cause I plead. Thorough and accurate study of the English language and literature would supply what the great body of fairly educated people are grievously deficient in, viz. power of expression. It has never, I imagine, been ascertained, how large a percentage of the middle class of this country can write

and speak their own mother tongue with fluency and correctness. This is too delicate and subtle an inquiry for the machinery of the census; but, were such an inquiry possible, the results would not afford much gratification. As a matter of fact, the language is degenerating in the hands of professional writers; hybrid words, awkward and conventional phrases, daring anacoloutha, and extraordinary syntactical licences, are continually manifesting themselves in the current literature of the day. Much more then must we be prepared for maltreatment of the Queen's English among the trading and commercial classes. And we find it plentifully. To be able to tell a plain tale in plain words; to make a statement simply, clearly, concisely; to record the details of business in vigorous business-like terms—is an accomplishment that does not always appear in company with shrewd sense and sound business capacity. Now it would go far to remedy this defect, if the nascent hopes of the commercial classes were carried through a course of the strong nervous racy prose of the seventeenth century. Barrow and South may be voted somewhat dry reading; but the former helped to make Chatham an orator, and the latter can boast of a style, the mixed excellences of which adapt it for the use of the rhetorician on the one hand, and the practical man of business on the other.

It is surely not necessary to seek further arguments in favour of such a reform or modification of existing methods of education as shall more prominently and more effectually enlist in the cause the services of our National Literature. If that literature embody all the excellences for which we give it credit, if it be full of the living power of genius, if it be a rich store-house of thought and argument and imagery, if it breathe a manly, generous, liberal spirit, and be pervaded by a pure and healthy morality, it must, if rightly applied, act powerfully and benignantly on the opening faculties of our English youth.

II. It only remains to consider how it may be rightly applied, or, in other words, effectively taught.

To this end it must, above all things, be *thoroughly* taught. To run through a standard author in a cursory and superficial way is a mere waste of time and dissipation of mind. And in the study of an English writer there is some danger of being hurried and superficial, because the scholar does not at the outset encounter the same difficulties which he meets with when he enters on the examination of a Greek or Latin book. In the latter case he has, in order to get at the thoughts, to crack the shell of a foreign and unfamiliar language. This compels attention, research, deliberate weighing of words, so that the mind is at once invigorated by necessary effort and trained to habits of thorough and exhaustive inquiry. On the other hand, when the language is vernacular, the mind travels over it so easily and rapidly that the thoughts have scarcely time to imprint themselves on the understanding, and such impression as they do leave is faint and imperfect.

This, then, is the thing to be guarded against. It is an utter mistake to suppose that the study of English Literature, be it poetry or prose, belongs in any sense to the department of "light reading." It would be just as rational to consider gold-digging as simply a form of spade-husbandry. It is possible, of course, to content oneself with merely turning up the surface soil, but he who does so will never get possession of the treasure which lies hid beneath.

I contend, then, that, to be of any use for purposes of education, an English author must be studied as carefully and as deeply as a Greek one, and very much in the same way. It will not, I hope, seem pedantic if I venture to prescribe rules for such a study.

1. Take first the department of *language*.

This should be critically investigated. There is a notion that English cannot be taught scientifically on account of the want of definiteness and system in Eng-

lish grammar. We have not indeed in English that structural nicety which the predominance of inflected forms gives a language. Hence there is little scope for applying laws of syntax to our mother-tongue. But we have compensation in some other departments. The fact that the English language is composite opens out a very interesting and a very *educating* line of study in connexion with it—the study of words in their origin and in their variety and changes of meaning. Everybody knows how much literature owes to Dean Trench in connexion with this subject; he has indeed, as it seems to me, indicated a course which, rightly used, may be made fruitful of most precious results in education.

The school-boy then should, while learning his Latin grammar, which will help him to appreciate one element of his native speech, be allowed some insight into the more domestic and aboriginal element of that speech, as exhibited in its older and purely Saxon forms. He should be taught how the language has grown, and changed, and developed; how inflections have gradually dropped out; how new words and new idioms have as gradually slipped in; how old words have gotten for themselves new meanings; and how prevailing opinions, and shifting fashions, and national temperament affect the “*jus et norma loquendi*.”

Again, when he comes to study an English author, he should be required to note every striking and important word and phrase; to discriminate the exact shade of meaning proper to the word in that particular connexion; to register such idioms as have become obsolete, or involve note-worthy grammatical peculiarities, and to make a collection of such forms and expressions as deserve to be treasured up for use in composition.

2. From the language we pass to the subject-matter, and here again there is scope for great and varied labour.

In the first place the general drift and tenor of the argument should be mastered. With this view the pupil should, after reading a certain portion of his

author, be required to make an analysis or abstract of the portion read. He must be trained, in doing this, to seize and pick out the leading thoughts, to indicate the steps in the argument, and to bring into full relief the master-truth which the author wishes to exhibit.

Further, he must be made to “get up” a clear and full explanation of all classical, historical, and other allusions, and he must patiently and faithfully disentangle all involutions of language, and all intricacies of thought.

Yet again, in order to call into play his reasoning and reflective powers, he must be required (where the opportunity presents itself) to weigh in his own mind the force and soundness of some particular argument, the truth and falsehood of some particular position, and to form and express his opinion about them.

So too, according to the character of the work studied, certain points will require special attention. If the pupil is engaged on a historian, he must be led to consider the evidence on which the historical facts are based, and the validity of the inferences drawn from them. The study of a poem or drama will afford opportunity for another sort of culture. Character must be analysed, the propriety and beauty of the imagery illustrated, poetical forms of expression and figures of speech brought under notice.

3. In the last place, such a study as I am advocating must be accompanied by frequent and varied exercises in composition. A popular and useful exercise of the kind is what is called *paraphrasing*, which consists in expressing the thoughts of the writer in different but equivalent terms. This approaches in some measure to the practice of written translation from a foreign language, and to a certain extent supplies its place as an instrument of education. Another and still more valuable exercise is writing from memory the substance of a portion of an author after having carefully studied it some little time before. In this case, the original and the imitation should

afterwards be carefully compared. Original themes and essays should also be set on subjects suggested by the work in hand. It may be well sometimes to follow out a proposition barely suggested by the writer, sometimes to controvert one of his statements or positions, and sometimes to compose a critique on his general line of argument and style.

To pursue this subject further would be tedious. What has been said sufficiently indicates the direction that should be taken, and, I hope, also does something to prove what may be called the *capabilities* of English Literature as an instrument of mental training and discipline. In this hope I commend the subject to the fair and thoughtful consideration of all whom it may concern. And, in good sooth, it concerns every-

body. We are all interested in the formation of the national character and the culture of the national mind. The tendencies of education are certainly just now in a purely utilitarian and scientific direction. Some partial reaction is wanted. Let the useful be duly honoured; let science occupy its own, and that a worthy place. But open the way also for moral influences, for the assimilation of high thoughts, and communing with great minds. Let England's immortal dead speak again in the Colleges and Schools of their country, and their voices will not fall vainly on the ears of England's children. Their burning words and breathing thoughts will stimulate and nourish our national manhood, and will help to maintain an exalted national character.

CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETIES ; THEIR SOCIAL AND ECONOMICAL ASPECTS.

BY HENRY FAWCETT.

MR. HALLAM, an historian whose accuracy cannot be questioned, has remarked—"I should find it difficult to resist the conclusion, that, however the labourer has derived benefit from the cheapness of manufactured commodities, and from many inventions of common utility, he is much inferior in ability to support a family to his ancestors three or four centuries ago."

In the time of the Tudors, the weekly wages of ordinary labourers would enable them to purchase twice as much wheat and meat as would the wages of a similar class of labourers at the present time. It therefore appears that improvement in the material condition of a large section of the community has not accompanied the great progress in the nation's wealth. For England's commercial progress is unparalleled; she accumulates capital for a great portion of the civilized world; by her aid railways are carried into the far West; her commerce has

been developed by the greatest triumphs of mechanical genius; her exports have advanced in a few years from 50,000,000*l.* to 130,000,000*l.*; and yet no corresponding effect seems to have been produced in the material condition of her poorest classes.

Philanthropic institutions continue to unfold the same tales of dire distress. Needlewomen exhaust their strength and ruin their health for the most beggarly pittance; and labourers frequently cannot be provided with such food as the necessities of nature demand—for by many meat can now never be tasted more than once a week. It appears, therefore, quite evident that increased production does not insure a happier distribution of a nation's wealth. Yet there may be divers opinions as to how a more equable distribution is to be brought about.

I may be thought hard-hearted if I seek a remedy in the lessons which

political economy teaches. The remedy, however, which I shall describe has the advantage of having been tried and proved to be effectual.

The most characteristic feature in the social condition of this country is the fact that all classes of labourers depend for their remuneration upon the capital which has been accumulated by others. As long as our social relations continue thus, the remuneration of the labourer must be regulated by the same laws as at the present time. Wages are now determined by the relative rapidity with which the population and the accumulation of capital advance. The wage-fund of a country is a component part of its capital; if this increases with greater rapidity than population, wages will rise. We may regret that a labourer should only obtain ten shillings a week; but such wages are absolutely decreed to him by our existing social conditions, and cannot be raised by the mere desires of humane sympathy. We are thus able to discern the only effectual means by which wages can be raised, since they are determined by a ratio between population and capital; but there is a wide-spread opinion amongst our labouring classes, which comes out prominently in the agitation of strikes, that wages are reduced by a tyrannical fiat of the capitalist. When the labourers express enmity towards capitalists, they should remember that, as long as the labourers, as a class, do not save, they render capitalists, who do not labour with their hands, absolutely necessary. Capital is that portion of past produce which has been saved to aid future production; capital, in fact, sustains the labourer until the results of his labour become available for consumption. If the labourer will not save, he must look for others to sustain him, and a large portion of the produce of his labour must be devoted to compensate the capitalist for his accumulation, for his risk, and for the labour of superintendence. When, therefore, labourers become a saving class, there will have been secured the most important advance not only in their social, but also in their material condi-

tion, as they will then obtain from their own savings all those services for which they now have to pay the capitalist so heavy a price. This may appear an utopian expectation; and it will perhaps be objected, "What is the use of saying it is a good thing for the labourers to save? Every one knows that; the difficulty is, how to induce them to save." I recognise the difficulty, and will meet it with a remedy, which I believe may well impress us with its practical significance. All saving involves a present sacrifice for a future advantage. A sure sign of inferior education is the absence of foresight. The poor, therefore, will not generally be provident; and, of course, saving becomes much more difficult when it cannot be made from a superfluous abundance, but involves the sacrifice of some of the necessities of life. We will recognise to the full all these obstacles to saving, for we shall then be better able to discern the manner in which saving can be most effectually encouraged. The first thing which is of special importance is to place distinctly before the labourer the advantage which his saving will bring him. It is not surprising that there should be an absence of saving amongst the poor at the present time. Few labourers would be able to accumulate 100*l.* without many a severe sacrifice. When this 100*l.* is accumulated, the labourer will not be in a different social position; the 100*l.* will be placed in the savings bank, and fifty shillings a year will be the only reward of his prudence. If, however, he could use this 100*l.* as capital to support him while labouring, he would then cease to pay the capitalist the heavy price he now pays him. The advantage to the labourer of being his own capitalist can scarcely be overestimated. He would be advanced to a different social grade; the whole produce of his labour would be his own; and, depend upon it, prudence amongst the labouring classes would not then be so rare a virtue as it is now. But how is this to be effected? The whole tendency of civilisation is against it; every year production is

carried on upon a larger scale ; every year small capitalists and small producers find it difficult to compete with large commercial undertakings. Manufacturing on an extensive scale is more economical, and the small manufactories are being entirely absorbed by those marvels of commercial enterprise with which Lancashire and Yorkshire are studded. Large farms are gradually absorbing the small holdings ; in a village there are now but three occupiers, where, perhaps, a few years since there were thirty ; and this tendency will be found to increase in every department of industry, in proportion as the application of machinery is extended. It is therefore hopeless to expect that production will ever again be carried on by uncombined labourers, such as the peasant cultivators of India, or the artisans and artificers of bygone days. How, therefore, can a labourer in this country convert his savings into capital to support his own labour ? This can be virtually done, and has been done, by a number of labourers putting their joint savings into one common fund, thus forming a capital sufficient to establish a large commercial undertaking. Those who have contributed this capital may act as labourers in the concern, thus becoming their own capitalists, and taking to themselves the whole of the profits which are now paid to the capitalist. If the savings of the labouring classes could be thus invested, it is quite evident that accumulation would be most powerfully stimulated. Fifty shillings a year received as interest from 100*l.* by the working man can make no perceptible change in his social condition ; but if this 100*l.* would enable him to become a working partner in a thriving joint-stock concern, he is at once advanced into a different social grade. He is no longer a hired labourer, who toils on from year to year without prospect of advancement ; but his career becomes cheered by the blessings of hope. Under these benign influences he will attain prudent habits, and all those industrial virtues which so pre-eminently distinguish the middle classes.

But, it may be objected, such combinations of labour for commercial purposes can never succeed. The requisite confidence will not be placed in the managers ; there will be divided councils ; and it will therefore be impossible to compete with the energy of the individual capitalist. Such objections appear theoretically to be unanswerable ; they will, however, be completely refuted by the examples of success which I shall adduce.

I will now describe the extraordinary career of two Co-operative Societies at Leeds and Rochdale ; and I would remark beforehand that I believe their success has been due to no exceptional causes. Working men originated them ; every farthing of the capital has throughout belonged to working men ; and, from the commencement, the management has been entirely in the hands of working men.

In 1844, the working classes of Leeds believed that they were compelled, in consequence of a combination of millers, to pay a high price for adulterated flour. They therefore determined to supply themselves with pure flour at the lowest market price. Three thousand pounds were raised by shares of 2*l.* each : no person being permitted to hold more than one share. As no suitable mill could be rented, one was purchased for 5,000*l.*,—part of the purchase-money remaining on mortgage. It was resolved to purchase the very best English wheat, and to sell no flour but that of the first quality ; and, after a careful calculation, it was resolved that as many shillings per quarter as were paid for wheat, so many halfpence per stone should be charged for flour. Thus, if wheat was 40*s.* per quarter, flour would be 1*s.* 8*d.* per stone. In Leeds, flour had always been sold one penny or two-pence per stone above the price thus determined. But all the millers have now, by competition, been compelled to reduce the price to that charged at the cooperative mill. The members of the society and the public purchase upon the same terms ; but each member receives a tin ticket to record the amount of each of

his purchases, and at the end of the year the profits are thus divided:—Five per cent. is paid as a uniform dividend upon the shares; and the remaining profits are divided amongst the members in proportion to the amount of their respective purchases, this amount being registered by the tin tickets.

In 1850, the capital was 3,925*l.*, business done 26,100*l.*, and profits 506*l.* The society steadily and rapidly progressed in prosperity. In 1857, taking an average of the preceding five years, the business done was 55,930*l.*, the capital 7,689*l.*, and the profits 1,786*l.* This indicates profits of 25 per cent. The management of the concern appears to have been admirable. No credit whatever is given. The retailers of the flour are remunerated by commission of 1*s.* 9*d.* per bag; and they are not allowed to give orders for less than 10*l.* at a time: this arrangement diminishes the cost of cartage from the mill. The economy and excellence of the management are proved by the fact, that the cost of retailing is reduced 50 per cent.; and the expense of grinding is 40 per cent. less than had before been charged in Leeds.

At Rochdale, a Co-operative Store is conducted on the same principles, and with equal success. It commenced in 1844, with a capital of 28*l.* At first, only grocery was sold; now, butchers' meat and clothes are also retailed; and within the last few years, a flour-mill, similar to the one at Leeds, has been established. In 1856, the number of members was 1,600, the amount of funds, 12,920*l.*; the business done was 63,179*l.*, and the profits made, 3,921*l.* In this society a member can hold any amount of shares less than 100*l.* The society also has the functions of a bank of deposit; for members can add or withdraw capital at their pleasure. Profits are divided on the same principles as at Leeds, with the exception that 2½ per cent. of the profits are put aside for the mutual improvement of the members: an excellent reading-room and a library are thus supported. All adulteration is most carefully avoided. The officers

are elected by the members for a definite period. A box is kept, in which any member can lodge a written complaint, which is investigated at a quarterly meeting; but complaints are seldom made, for the management is as excellent as at Leeds. Thus the working expenses are not 2½ per cent. upon the returns. This is much less than half the average working expenses of similar businesses. The Pioneers' Co-operative Store, at Rochdale, and the Leeds' Co-operative Flour-mill, have, together, done transactions to the extent of more than 1,000,000*l.*; and they have not had to set off 10*l.* for bad debts. Professional auditors have examined the books of these two societies, and affirm that the manner in which the accounts have been kept might serve as a model to any commercial undertaking. As an offshoot of the Pioneers' Store, a Co-operative Cotton-mill was established at Rochdale in 1855. The Pioneers' Society has 5,000*l.* invested as capital in the undertaking. At first, a portion of a mill was rented; and, in 1856, 96 looms were at work: the profits of the capital were 13½ per cent. The labourers receive the wages current in the trade, and a uniform dividend of 5 per cent. is paid on capital. The remaining profits are divided into two equal shares; one of these is paid as an extra dividend upon capital; the other share is at the end of each year divided amongst the labourers. Each labourer's share is in direct proportion to the amount of wages he has received throughout the year. The most efficient workmen, therefore, not only receive, as in other employments, the highest weekly wages, but also obtain a corresponding advantage in the annual division of profits. The most skilled labour and the highest efforts of that skill are secured; and the concern, though in its infancy, is able to compete successfully in a business where commercial enterprise has been most particularly developed.¹ The great suc-

¹ These facts have been summarised from statements of accounts which I have obtained from Leeds and Rochdale.

Much valuable information is also contained

cess of this cooperative cotton manufactory induced a desire to extend the undertaking. As no mill of adequate size could be rented, it was resolved to build one. I can most fitly describe this remarkable undertaking by quoting a portion of a letter with which I have been favoured from the manager, Mr. Wm. Cooper :—

"The Rochdale Cooperative Manufacturing Society has now a capital of 55,000*l.* Its new mill, which, with the machinery and capital required to work it, will take 44,000*l.*, will begin to work almost immediately. The society decided at the last monthly meeting to lay the foundation this autumn of another mill. The mill contains 260 looms, 16 pairs of mules or 10,000 spindles, 46 throstles or 11,000 spindles, and carding, &c. in proportion, and will employ about 280 workpeople. The society has ceased to take more members six months ago, on the ground that money came in faster than the society could profitably work it. All this has been effected by the unaided efforts of the labouring classes, and they never perhaps achieved a nobler or more hopeful work. Numerous other co-operative societies exist in different parts of the country, and it has been calculated that these societies now possess an aggregate capital of 963,000*l.*"

It will be seen from the facts adduced that a desire to obtain unadulterated food first prompted these co-operative efforts, and that they were in no way connected with those social and political opinions which are attributed to communism. These societies have entirely freed themselves from the pernicious economical fallacies which were formerly propounded by the apostles of co-operation. Thus, both at Leeds and Rochdale, competition is fully recognised, and, far from there being any community of property, the co-operative manufactory at Rochdale is based upon the principle that the efficient workman not only receives higher wages, but also

in a paper read by Mr. John Holmes, of Leeds, at the meeting of the Social Science Association, at Birmingham.

obtains a larger share in the ultimate division of profits. The remarkable results above stated will naturally prompt us to seek the causes which have tended to produce them. In the first place it will be observed, that no credit whatever is given; even if a workman has 50*l.* invested, he must pay ready money for the smallest article. The commercial prosperity of these societies, as well as the welfare of the workmen, are thus alike promoted. The facility of getting into debt is the great bane of the working classes. Not only is improvidence thus encouraged, but the workman is bound to deal with those tradesmen to whom he is indebted; who too often avail themselves of this opportunity to extort a large price for adulterated articles. These co-operative societies also render unnecessary a large portion of the present expense of distribution. Such a quantity of flour, for example, as is produced at the two mills at Leeds and Rochdale, would ordinarily be distributed through the agency of a vast number of small shops; whereas, in their case, the whole cost of distribution is covered by a commission of 1*s.* 9*d.* on each bag of flour. These are, no doubt, most important agents of prosperity, but I believe the chief cause of the success which has attended these co-operative efforts yet remains to be noticed.

An identity of interests between employer and employed, is a doctrine which many delight to repeat: let us inquire to what extent this identity of interest really exists.

The produce of labour is divided into two shares. One share forms the profits of the capitalist; the other the labourer obtains, and it is termed his wages. It is therefore quite manifest that each party is directly interested in securing as large a share as possible. The more the labourer receives, so much the less must there be left for the employer; and therefore, with our present social relations, the employer and employed have not identical interests, but are more accurately in the position of buyer and seller. Does not a railway contractor

take the same care to obtain labour on the best possible terms, as he does to buy materials at the cheapest rate? Does any large employer feel that his labourers will spontaneously put forth the full energy of their labours? Labourers have to be watched, and kept to their work, much in the same way as the unwilling schoolboy is coerced to his task; and do not employers of labour, from one end of the country to the other, complain that their labourers are more careless of their masters' interests than they were formerly—that they begin to show a more haughty independence, and that they now pass from one employer to another for the slightest advantage? The Trades Unions, which have increased so significantly within the last few years, are regarded by the labourers as combinations to defend their rights in opposition to the capitalists; and, far from the employers and employed being bound with the sympathy of mutual interest, every thoughtful mind must be impressed with the opposition growing up between these classes, which is every day more and more felt. It is evidenced by a widespread dissatisfaction, which occasionally gathers sufficient strength to convulse society with a strike. Many dislike to acknowledge these indications of an opposition between employer and employed, and wish to revive between master and servant those feelings of affectionate dependence which existed in days of yore. But you cannot have an effect when its cause is irrecoverably gone. This feeling of attachment had its source in the protection from danger which the labourer needed, and which his master extended towards him. But all this is changed; the relations of employers and employed are now purely commercial; and, if an attachment exists between them, it must be based upon some identity of pecuniary interests. At the present time, the labourer has seldom any motive to put forth his best exertions; if he is paid by fixed wages, he has no interest but to do as little work for his wages as possible. In some employments piece-work can

be introduced, but even in this case it is the labourer's interest to concern himself simply with the quantity, and not with the quality of the work done. But in co-operation, the profits are shared amongst the labourers; each labourer therefore is directly interested, not only himself to work with full energy, but to see that every other labourer does the same. An efficient inspection is thus spontaneously created without any expense, and there grows up a certain *esprit de corps* which never exists amongst mere hired labourers. The mental powers of the workman are called forth to assist him as far as possible in his work, whereas it would be difficult to over-estimate the pecuniary loss which is connected with that mental apathy and inactivity which now so peculiarly distinguishes many of our labourers. In fact, as it has been well said, co-operation secures the highest and most skilled efforts of the workmen; and this is sufficient to explain the signal success which has attended these co-operative efforts, whenever the labourers have selected proper managers from amongst their own body, and placed the requisite confidence in them. So powerfully efficient is this principle of co-operation, that it has succeeded even under the most unfavourable circumstances. In France, many of these co-operative societies were started with borrowed capital, which the Provisional Government of 1848 was willing to lend. The career of these societies was cut short by dynastic changes; but the few years of their existence sufficed to pay off all the capital that was borrowed, and leave them a large accumulative fund of their own.

I do not wish in the slightest degree to conceal the difficulties and dangers against which these societies must contend. It is commonly assumed that joint-stock undertakings can never successfully compete in trade against the individual capitalist, because a manager paid by a fixed salary will not put forth the same active energy as the individual owner of a business. Co-operative societies, of course, rest under this disad-

vantage in common with other joint-stock undertakings ; but the figures I have quoted demonstrate that this disadvantage can be more than compensated by some of the other conditions of co-operation. Thus, no credit is given, the expenses of distribution are diminished, and every labourer is directly interested in his work, and thus is acted upon by those same influences which are considered to evoke energy and skill from the individual tradesman or manufacturer. The selection of proper managers is, however, the great difficulty with which these co-operative societies will have to struggle. It cannot be doubted but that the managers at Leeds and Rochdale have been men whose talents and sterling worth would have earned success in any walk of life. Such men are, doubtless, to be found amongst every large body of workmen ; if care is not taken to select them, co-operation must inevitably fail. A co-operative manufactory will meet with many difficulties which will not at all affect a co-operative shop. Such a shop need make no speculative purchases ; and, as no credit is given, the risk is small indeed. But in a co-operative cotton manufactory, competition must be carried on with a class of men who at once avail themselves of the smallest advantage which is to be obtained, either by purchasing the raw material at a particular time, or by the introduction of the slightest improvement in machinery. As yet, this competition has been carried on with a success which could not have been anticipated. The question as to the ultimate extension of such co-operative undertakings is, as yet, however, only partially determined. The fluctuations in the cotton business are great. Will a body of workmen combined in a cotton manufactory be able to keep together during two or three years of low profits, and withstand the difficulties of a financial crisis ? This is a problem which yet remains to be solved. If it is solved satisfactorily, the principle of co-operation will have become a national institution and one of the greatest of social achievements.

Several co-operative societies have not succeeded. Such cases of failure ought to be carefully considered, as in this manner the requisites of success may be more distinctly perceived.

I would for one moment direct attention to a very singular popular error connected with co-operation. These societies were first tried on a large scale in France, and many of the most eminent apostles of co-operation were leading members of the advanced republican party. Hence it was for a long time supposed, and I fear the error has not yet been completely exploded, that there was some democratic element involved in their constitution. These societies are not in any way directly connected with politics ; in fact, at the present time, I believe they embrace men of the most opposite political opinions. Ultimately, however, they will have a tendency to spread a healthy and intelligent conservatism amongst the operatives. The restless and turbulent element of a nation is a class without property, and so impoverished that national disturbances cannot leave them worse off than they were before.

Co-operation cannot succeed without calling forth many of the highest qualities of man's intellectual and moral nature. It demands a just appreciation of the characters of others ; it calls for an intelligent confidence associated with a judicious watchfulness ; and it requires prudence on the part of those who have not been accustomed to foresight. The active business which exists at the present time in the manufacturing districts should be taken advantage of by the labourers to extend these co-operative societies. Periods of prosperity have hitherto left no record of permanent social advancement. A larger temporary consumption of luxuries by the working classes, and a great increase in the number of marriages, have generally been the most prominent features of prosperous days. A rapid increase of population is thus stimulated, which, in a few years, again makes the labour-market redundant, and adds to the difficulties of those recurring periods of

distress, when trade is dull, and employment scarce.

The practical success of co-operation has been already sufficiently proved to warrant the establishment in every town and village of shops or stores similar to those at Leeds and Rochdale. A co-operative manufactory should be more cautiously undertaken. Permanent success in this case has not been as yet completely proved, and the capital which must be risked is very large. But a co-operative shop or store has been developed from the smallest beginnings. The Pioneers at Rochdale started with a capital of only 28*l*. The working classes are very generally impressed with the belief that they are somewhat imposed upon; that they pay high prices for bread and grocery; and often do not get a good or pure article for their money. They have the remedy in their own hands. Why don't they withdraw their deposits from the savings'-banks, and form a joint fund to establish a

flour-mill, a bakery, or a grocery-shop? The workmen of Leeds and Rochdale did this, and they have obtained as their reward unadulterated articles, and a profit of more than twenty per cent. upon their capital. Why should the working classes be encouraged to place their earnings in the savings'-banks, where the interest is so remarkably small?

A few words contained in the letter from which I have already quoted, will most appropriately conclude these remarks—"Co-operation aims at giving to 'the workers the fruits of their industry.' 'It is a kind of self-assistance, and yet 'has no hostile feeling against capital.'"

NOTE.

After this paper was in the press I received a letter from Mr. Samuel Ashworth, one of the managers of the Pioneers' Society, which informs me that the two engines of 120-horse power in the Co-operative Manufactory at Rochdale were set to work on the 11th of August.

KYLOE-JOCK AND THE WEIRD OF WANTON-WALLS.

A LEGEND : IN SIX CHAPTERS.

BY GEORGE CUPPLES, AUTHOR OF "THE GREEN HAND," "HINCHBRIDGE HAUNTED," &c.

CHAPTER III.

HOW THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE WAS ABSENT, AND IN HIS ABSENCE IT WAS BELEAGUERED.

ON some errand of public duty or private business, Mr. Rowland soon had to leave home for the distant city. There he was to stay some days, which might be more numerous than he knew yet: and, as he much disliked to be long absent from the parish, or indeed to leave home at all for a single night, so as to lodge with strangers—thus might be explained the cloud of gravity that sat upon his serious forehead, while he parted from his household at the front

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door; mounting the new but docile horse, hight "Rutherford," to ride to the coach-town, only six miles off. No horse could more steadily have taken the road, than *Rutherford*, or more becomingly have sustained the dignified proportions of that figure after which Andrew looked, with a well-satisfied interest, from the open gate. The object of his complacency was borne away into a winter fog, that blended horse and master, dilating them grandly, like the chief of Centaurs; while at a sober trot it reached the brow of the frosty road; then gently vanished downwards, as over a depth of antique Fate. Still, for minutes onward, did the sound come regular and far from the iron-like

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ground, through the keen, echoing air. Then the silence fell vast, like an augury of old.

Winter it was, without a doubt. The days were at the shortest; and the intense icy cold possessed the earth, binding the very sky, as it were in tyranny, from letting down any help to the strife. So vivid was the sense of life below, for all that, as to send up exhilaration through the gloom itself; at the very sight of those sharp hacks and cracks in the earth's old shape again, showing her merely wounded as before, with hard wrinkled ribs laid bare, fleshless arms and bony fingers, eyes all puckered and stony, veins empty and brittle as glass, fetters of steel and outspread covers of sealed iron—all to be changed immediately into fresh novelties, and some time or other be restored to the familiar state. Already, in fact, where the wet marsh had been a useless place in the hollow below the hill, icy enchantment had come upon it; making it worth the boy's pains to visit, if lesson-time had but allowed, in days so brief. Only the lessons with his father, indeed, had hindered the triumph it would have been for Hugh to be the first improver on that enchantment, as a conjuror of polished slides and gliding tracks, pushing alone into the centre of those rushy islands, and those sedgy quagmires, where the water-lily had been inaccessible before, where the water-hen had defied approach to her young, and where the flocks of white-maws had laid their precious eggs in vain. Nearer to Kirkhill, than to Etherwood and the parish-school, how just were Hugh's claims to the first pleasures of that place; and how easily could he have forestalled the vulgar but busy school-children in possession of it, had it not been for that ever-growing Latin, those too-swiftly rising Romans of Cornelius Nepos, which had detained him, a solitary pupil, under his father's concentrated eye! Even now when, in the troubled joy he felt in the removal of that eye for a space, strange hopes were whispered to him from behind—yet what possibilities of terror gazed from

before! For had not his father ere he finally departed, reined in the horse Rutherford a moment at the gate, and called him to the horse's side, stooping down to remind him of the pages that were to be revised by himself, for fuller mastery; also of the rules from Ruddiman's Rudiments, that were to be committed to memory for complete use; in order that the regretted absence might not be altogether a loss? Then, as to the ice, Hugh knew, at any rate, how in the mean time its best charm had been already taken away. Etherwood school was not so busy or so bound to its set hours, but that children on the way to and from it had loitered long enough to find the secret of so tempting a sliding-ground; and they had snatched its delight in their play-time, till the bloom of the spot was soiled by many a smear or flaw. Yet, though the spot had been thus invaded before him, and he had lost the joy of first possession, there still remained for Hugh a private relish to be hastily gratified, now that his father was absent, in the safe hours of parish school-time, when he could have the ground to himself.

The first day of his release from his father's vigilance the boy found in his anticipated pleasure, by himself, in the icy hollow the new zest, not of watchfulness only, but of self-restraint as well. An influence hung over him, from the recent glimpse of a bliss unthought-of before, in the recent gracious approval of his teacher. The closer touch of paternal kindness, for a moment like that he had felt in childhood, warmly wrought about his heart, and moved him to study Cornelius Nepos unseen; nay, even, for the future's sake, to prepare the Rules of Ruddiman, though free from superintending vigilance. Moreover, Andrew had to walk the same day to the town, where the horse would have been left; and to come riding back at night. In this circumstance there was a check for Hugh till that day at least was over. For, had it not been heard of that coaches were missed, and that travellers

rather returned than awaited the next day under hospitable roofs; and so, if the ice tempted too long, then instead of Andrew at the stable-door by dusk, might not the parlour candle-light show a more awful form?

But Andrew went and returned duly, and all *that* was safe. New mornings brought new thoughts, new balances of virtue with pleasure. Again was the frosty air exhilarating, sometimes sparkling; and the distant marsh-ice, with its solitary glidings, its swift companionless exploits, triumphs, or discoveries, grew more entrancing than expectation had told; until Cornelius Nepos and his Romans were like to be outweighed. Nay, even through what had seemed most helpful to them, did they utterly lose substance and kick the beam, as when Brennus, leader of the hostile Gauls, threw his barbaric sword into the Roman scales. For, although Hugh Rowland knew well the parish school-hours, and in his shy solitude adhered to these only, if on no other account but a wild shrinking from strangers—nevertheless, suddenly a little troop of parish-scholars surprised him at that very time, and with a bound, a race, a hollow hum, and noiseless rush, flew forth upon the ice that kept him spell-bound, mingling their slides with his. What wonder, indeed that they should be there in school-hours, when he saw them headed by little Will, the sly glebe cow-herd—considering how idly that urchin was inclined! There, at their head, was this school-hating imp of mischief with smaller imps behind him, not so ignorant as he. But this was not the chief surprise. Most wonderful of all was it to behold amongst them *Kyloe-Jock* and his dog Bauldy. For, though they both had left the hill—whence, at this season, the very kyloes had departed to some shedded camp, with vast store of turnips—yet both were now punctually each Sabbath at the church; both were well known to be busily at school, under Andrew's careful supervision, and under the very eye of that schoolmaster who was at once elder, precentor, and Kirk-session clerk. Did Jock fear no penal-

ties for playing truant from school; did Bauldy entertain no prudent forethought; or could they both be led away by such an inferior creature as little Will, who slunk with deference from the very shyness of Hugh Rowland?

Truly a most unaccountable pair were *Kyloe-Jock* and Bauldy. To see them in broad day-light again, severed from any imposing charge of wild cattle, away from all labyrinthine obscurity of stack-yard or *Bogle*, was fascination more than ever. Hovering apart, unmixed with them, sliding or practising the incipient skates in independence of their boon or bane, their fear or favour—to be within view of them was yet to be of their circle and company. Bauldy remained a steadfast mark upon the shore, now dim but magnified, now distinct though dwindled back; and for the most part sat on end, to gaze imperturbably, whatever his master's seeming destiny. Luckless might that destiny have been supposed. For, big as was *Kyloe-Jock*, wearing a shortened tail-coat, that flew behind him as he ran, there were little ones in pinafores, who belonged to his class at school, and who hurried at last away in fear. Even Will the cow-herd boasted over him, that he was "*Dults*" (i. e. the blockhead of his class), though without angering him; and, but for Jock's heedlessness of all this, doubtless Will himself would have gone away. Not that *Kyloe-Jock*, like little Will, cast any sly glance at the boy Rowland then, as if claiming secrecy from a new accomplice in higher quarters; nor did he laugh at all, like Will; but only with a deep enjoyment rushed again upon the slide, that glittered with him into a length beyond belief, until he well might hoot, and give a yell, turning slowly round—to show Bauldy, perhaps, that he had not utterly vanished. Then, departing farther for another race, back did he come steadily, as if shot forth from a gun, his form a giant's, his breath like smoke, his face bright-red, shooting with incredible speed into ordinary view; yet was not the smooth ice swift enough for him, but he must post up and down

upon it marvellously faster, as on horse-back, then fly with his arms along it as with wings like an ostrich; inevitably overtaking in a moment the eagerest effort of that cowherd, whose silly presence could be no more than a stumbling-block and pillow to his magical career. Yet, for all his magical effect, most unassuming was *Kyloe-Jock*. In some imperceptible natural way he grew familiar to the mere spectator, and took hold upon acquaintance without ceremonies of introduction; so that ere long, neither seeking it nor sought, the boy was *with* him. Sharing, joining, sliding and shouting too, he seemed to have been familiar with *Kyloe-Jock* for years before; not now even excluded by the dog Bauldy.

Thus did they glide, float, or whirl into a dizzy unison of recklessness, alike superior to the hungry instinct or the trivial fear that took the cowherd home, whether at the sight of the quick darkening of the afternoon, or when the ice gave a crack and a weltering groan, as if to thaw beneath them. As for Jock, *he* had no fear: *he* could tell, merely by peering up, that it was not so late as it looked, nor would it thaw, but snow. And, when the boy at last misgave himself too greatly to stay longer, though Jock and Bauldy would still have sat or slid on contented, as beings without a home, a dinner, or a dread—they both, nevertheless, forsook their own satisfaction to convoy him on the right way; perhaps at view of a sudden uncertainty that had terrified him—since the right way proved to be of their choosing, so that, if he had not turned when they turned, he would have found himself high upon an unknown hill in the dark. Then Hugh, as they left him alone in the same abrupt unceremonious fashion, still gazed bewildered for home, on the wrong side; till, like a dog himself, he recognized a scent the other way, of the kitchen-cookery that spoke volumes to him out of the fog, and, next moment, there broke out a part of the house, with roof lost in uncertainty, and endless wall—the bare branch dripping by the

dim gable, the smoke from the chimney striving against a pressure from the viewless sky, and one fire-lit window, hanging in the air, disclosing its inner spectacle of shadows. A sight too changefully dubious still on the brightest background, sometimes too colossal, to be trusted without caution! So he skirts around to reconnoitre like an Indian, to circle in upon it from a corner, ere finally stealing upstairs. He has seen, in the passage, that the hat and great-coat are absent as before! The snow that had been prophesied, too, has begun to fall. It is falling faster; falling to make the night earlier; falling and showering and whirling down, to cover the ground deep as of old, to fill the roads, to block the house in, to sever it from the world, and towns, and travellers. Then safely, with book in hand, out of his little new bedroom, he comes down at leisure, and seems by his undisturbed aspect to have been some time in; if at all too late, then seeming not to have heard the dinner-bell, which Nurse Kirsty rang outside; nor to have known, in his studious absorption, that her harsh voice had searched for him beyond, prompted by a fonder anxiety than *hers*.

It snowed a day or two together, but as yet only to brighten the earth and clear the sky. In the soft radiant intervals, what augmented pleasure! Innocent satisfaction comes even to little Hannah and lesser Joey, brushing the snow from their brief track, to the wheel-ruts outside the gate; enterprizing farther along the road, past the very barn and stable, to smooth by dint of patience one icy groove—even to venture on the ditch below the fleecy elm-tree in the powdered hedge, so tiresomely well known through all disguises from that weary old nursery-window which still keeps the children in sight. For Nurse Kirsty, with her toothachy face in flannel, stands within, ironing or plaiting, sewing or crimping. She could not see over to the marsh: she knew nothing of Cornelius Nepos; still less than the mistress herself, who might at least hear her eldest boy repeat those rules of Ruddiman, to make sure that

he observed his father's grave injunction. Surely neither of them knew anything at all of *Kyloe-Jock*; and, if any one watched in secret, to lay up a store of new power, or to vindicate the old, it certainly was not the mother, whose chidings were so open at the sharpest, whose purposes were so transparent, however eager. It surely mattered not, besides, that in the shoes of Jock there were holes, and but ill-patched fragments of other cloth on his corduroy; while through the cap he wore—a blue one with a red knob upon the top, even as a lid over something strange—there came up tufts of his hair like dry grass; nor were the hues of his face less vivid by comparison, but even with a more life-like glow went kindling out to his projected ears, which mocked all inclemency of weather. Not that the frost or snow altered him, but he lifted up to them the standard of their measurement; and shoes were to him not for clothing, but of swiftness to slide; caps were as mere adornment, not covers; a coat or plaid less for garment than for pockets or for covering in sleep. Nay, if he were one who could not learn at school, he threw a great light upon it himself, explaining why he was said to be only half-witted. Though with a look askance, suggesting deeper knowledge, well did he inquire—rather as if from Bauldy than from Hugh—why then did the folks want him to know the catechism? why turn him back to the Second Primer? why be angered if he had played the truant for one afternoon? Whereat Hugh wondered equally with Bauldy. Not that *Kyloe-Jock* was going any more to play truant in order to be on the ice! It was now only between times that he hurried there, or on the Saturday afternoon. For the master had made his palms so thoroughly to remember his duty of being at school that he still writhed as he showed forth the reminding method. He did so not in mockery of the master, but only earnestly to prove why he must not delay again behind the rest, so long as ice and snow remained. Moreover,

with his mittenless hands, as he clapped them in the frosty weather, he had found out a local secret which he made that an occasion for confiding at the same time. Taking a piece of frosted sedge, and standing solemnly, with tails uplifted to the lurid sunset that glowed behind him like a fire upon the snow, he exhibited himself as the school-master, burning one end of that mimic *tawse* in silence at the school fire, and coughing as he fixed his eye upon the distance. Then on tiptoe did Jock walk to a stump of paling by the edge where Bauldy sat, and begin to lay successive strokes majestically upon the wood, pausing to cough loud between, till even Bauldy whimpered, drawing back, like to utter a yell—though Hugh, shuddering within, would have laughed. But the frosty air was all echoes then; and from the distant brae, through some change of the snow, came back a new echo, so deliberate, distinct, and grave, repeating everything more awfully, that for once did the uncouth dog take fright. It fled away with an actual yell; swifter, indeed, than the elsewhere-muffled hill deigned to record. But when Bauldy's master stopped, indignant at him, and summoned him vainly back—it was too much to hear the spectral halloo, the ghostly whistle, the very rustling and roar of phantom-Kyloes that returned. Hugh himself then also fled in terror; nay, when the *Kyloe*-herd, not the least aghast himself, would have checked the boy's flight in turn, he only quickened it: for back again came graver ejaculations from above, and the hill shouted solemnly Hugh's own name. Then, seeing more need to overtake Bauldy, did Jock take but a sudden step or two to a long glassy path, that bore him smoothly and swiftly, with both hands in his pockets, towards Etherwood school.

Back to school must even Bauldy have retreated. Back to school went *Kyloe-Jock* after him. Hugh Rowland alone was masterless, wild, and free. And still gently fell the intermittent snow, to separate and shut them in.

CHAPTER IV.

DESTINY MARKS OUT KYLOE-JOCK.

THE snowy country was but sheeted by degrees; field, hedge, and hill only lost their shapes imperceptibly by fairy-like changes to one shrouded mould, under a sky that seemed azure above it all, or amber, or vast with stars. The people could still come with ease to church on that Sabbath when the stranger preached; that tall, and gaunt, and elderly Probationer—with one limb mysteriously different from the other, leaving a round print beside each single footstep to the church-door—who stayed two nights, and went upstairs to bed with an iron sound, depositing but one giant shoe outside the best-bedroom door. A preacher whom, it was said, mysterious powers had bewildered; ever since that day when the gipsies captured him, marking him out to the glance of a great Magician who lived near! On former occasions, in Mr. Rowland's absence, had that memorable "*Dominie*" come to fill his pulpit, with abstracted mien, and wandering, dream-like habit; and had stood poring into a stray book by the hour, as he did now, and been heard strangely in his chamber, stamping to and fro, and rehearsing his sermon before unseen attentive audiences, or holding dialogue with fancied Co-Presbyters—never destined, poor man, to enjoy the dignity of either. But he had never before so delightfully accorded his sympathy to Mrs. Rowland's concern for the progress of Hugh as he now did snuffing up, at the names of Ruddiman and Cornelius Nepos, an air of inspiration; examining the boy with a pedagogic zeal, and with a technical keenness discovering his errors, which alarmed while it aided. Fain would the *Dominie* have revelled longer in a congenial delay which the mother pressed, in order that the relentless exercise might have helped his victim. But the snow warned the good Mr. George Simson to betake himself homeward, and Hugh Rowland inwardly rejoiced. The preacher swung his inflexible wooden limb over the back of his small pony, as if he had walked for-

ward upon it; and, as Andrew with a demure gravity disposed the skirt of Mr. Simson's great coat above the creature's tail, Mr. Simson waved a hand with dignity, to let the bridle go, and to bid farewell to all. Thereupon, less like a Colossus than the old disproportionate forms in Christmas revel, or Abbots of Unreason upon pictured hobby-horses—one foot avoiding the snow—he was borne away into the wastes. Borne away toward his paternal Manse, which stood hard by the ruined Monastery of "*Kennaquhair*," near where the deathless Enchanter abode in his late days. *He*, also, the *Dominie*, was borne away immortal; although at that time giving place in Hugh Rowland's mind to hopes of freedom with *Kylae-Jock*.

Still was the hoary church distinguishable (and the flaky end-aisle that belonged to Wanton-Walls), beside the furry trees, from the hooded corn-stacks and the fleecy hay-rick with one end cloven; where Andrew from the stable would yet mount the ladder, to slice it down with his trenchant blade, under the hanging icicles, past the ice-sheathed props. The horse Rutherford was champing at his stall, though for the most part idly; and his hollow stamping could be sometimes heard, if but in token of impatience. Hard the times were already, indeed, for all wild creatures without stall or herd; and the shepherd, though at home, sought the unfolded sheep on the braes when they wandered. Birds of all kinds put off their shyness, as if sorry to have been wayward and secret; the hare and rabbit trespassed on the shrubbery, invading the garden by tracks that betrayed a piteous urgency in their boldness; while poisonous berries, alike with culinary roots or precious barks of fruit-trees, were turned to *their* vital uses. Sweet it was, too, even yet, to see the parlour-window opened, at the violet shadow of little Robin-red-breast on the feathery sill, that Hannah and Joey might feed him, as Hugh could have done once, with crumbs from the snug table near the fire—disturbing though

Robin's visits were now to those forced efforts upon Ruddiman and his despotic rules, which alone brought a shiver at the letting in of the cold. For the others, they could afford to hold their breath, not even whispering lest Robin might take fright: each peck he made, they could be delighted; till, at the triumphant clapping of their hands, he fluttered back from the very curtain within, away to the snow outside. Then with old stories of Babes in the Wood, of children rescued from the snow, of brothers that came back in time, of merchants hurrying home with gifts and packages, and the avalanche that buried the cottage for a time—might Mamma console them when the window was shut, and the curtains drawn. But oh! why for *one*, had there been Latin rules invented, harder than Draconic, more deserving the sleepy oblivion that often strove against them? Why had there been any Romans, why such an officious recorder as Cornelius Nepos? Why, indeed, any parents except mothers—who were so easily convinced that tasks had been got by heart, when they were repeated fresh from the book? *They* might carefully hear over the rules and the exceptions, but demanded no practical application; and they could see that Cornelius was revised, with dictionary and syntax at hand, yet not know if the meaning grew clearer in retrospect, or only deeper, darker, more confused. Maternal anger itself, how simply appeased, how soon relaxed! It could be talked into conviction of integrity, and argued back to complacent trust in progress. Under such soft supervision the books might, after a little, be put away; and, with lifted face and ready tongue, the gossip might be joined in—the little trivial children's gossip which the servants raise even in snow-time; which spreads about the small neighbourhood, more eagerly as it closes smaller in.

Such matter of gossip there was for the little household world of Kirkhill Manse, during the absence of its head in that season of deep winter. The hen-roost had been suffering. Now a

chicken, and now—a duck, had gone; till at length the favourite hen, speckled and crested, that had laid eggs so long, was suddenly missing before the dusk of the afternoon. This was after Andrew, speaking of polecats from the planting, or weasels from the dykes, had closed the hutch at night. That precaution had evidently been in vain; it could not, therefore, be weasel or polecat that had done the harm. Nurse Kirsty hinted then at poor old Lucky Wood, the glebe-boy's grandmother, who was on the parish, and would often be coming to the Manse in her old cloak, with stick and basket, to hang about the kitchen for old bones, old rags—perhaps even, as Kirsty hinted, for better things. Was she not all the oftener coming in that weather; and were there not foot-steps in the morning toward the hen-house door? Yet Andrew said openly that the steps might be Nurse Kirsty's own: on which supposition of his, clearing away suspicion where it had unduly fallen, little Will had come back, to sleep by Andrew's leave in the bar close by, with a rusty gun all loaded—Will firmly believing with Andrew now, as a greater authority than both of them had agreed, that the real evil-doer was no other than a fox from the firwoods on the hill. No less, in fact, was this great authority than *Kylae-Jock* himself with Bauldy. Tracing the marks, scenting the very track, they were aware by what ways the robber had come, lain in ambush, and departed. Yet to no purpose had Will kept guard two nights. The third, as *Kylae-Jock* declared, he might watch till morning and hear no sign; but more hens would be taken away, till all were done, or till the snow was melted! Nevertheless had Nurse Kirsty risen to higher scorn, and, speaking of *Kylae-Jock* for the first time, had vowed like an oracle that the culprits were Jock himself, and his dog Bauldy. She told of his idle doings at Halloween, and suspected a truth in the report that at Hogmanay he had led the profane guizers. She nodded her head more darkly yet,

shaking it more ominously, when, to Mrs. Rowland, before the boy Hugh, she hinted that *Kyloe-Jock* was on the parish too—more starved than Lucky Wood herself; nay, but a half-natural in wits, by birth even something worse—an evil example and a bad companion, of whom the Minister ought to hear when he came home! These things, in greater privacy, did the boy, roused to resistance by Kirsty's dark insinuations, explain and reconcile to the maternal judgment. He even extolled *Kyloe-Jock*, and used cunning eloquence to show him to be the only help in this case worthy of being depended on;—thus, at least, paving the way for security against Kirsty, should she say, before a higher bar, that *Kyloe-Jock's* first appearance about the manse had been developed farther in secret than the supreme law allowed. He did not, however, disclose the full knowledge which he already possessed of *Kyloe-Jock's* purpose to constitute himself, unsolicited, the protector of the Manse, and to bring the true depredator to justice by a competent exercise of his own energy in defence of his own credit.

How suddenly had Hugh's sensitiveness to the touch of strangers left him! That very evening in secret, in the dark back-court behind the peat-stack, did he even crouch in company with the glebe cow-herd, to await the coming of *Kyloe-Jock* and Bauldy on their mystic purpose. Neither were their plans made clearly manifest when they came. No sooner on the household premises, indeed, than Bauldy took up the ground as *Jock's* own, to be sentinelled against the most customary frequenter or settled occupant. Yet Bauldy followed at a whisper, to consider alone with *Jock* those places *he* examined—to peer forth with him from that opened shrubby-wicket, where he looked toward the dark hill; and, even when *he* would apparently have left it open, to counsel in some unaccountable way, that it should be shut again. This was a wicket which the thoughtless cow-herd had purposely

opened. So opening it, each fruitless night he had watched, in order that no barrier might interrupt the approach of Reynard. At that did *Kyloe-Jock* uncouthly shrug his shoulders up. Turning to Will the cowherd, he eyed him with an eldritch grin; and there was something weirdly in the silence wherewith he put aside that glebe-boy's advice, stepping back to the sheltered nook of the peat-stack, as if to muse alone in a warm place. Notwithstanding which, when Bauldy curled himself satisfied to his master's feet, and Will leant deferentially by, with little Rowland at hand, *Jock* condescended to spend a certain interval in easy colloquy, as if to await the time for action in leisurely discourse. Compared with the knowledge he imparted, what was that of letters? Without parents, it seemed, or effect of teaching, what uninherited lore was his—as if to claim obeisance from patriarchs before a Druid not anointed! He seemed even about to perform some sacrifice, rather than to slay. Meanwhile, he turned his thoughts aside—reasoning of adders, how to deal with them in contest, how to prize their cast-off skins; of the water-rat, that would defy the weasel; of the toad, and of that dreadful creature from whose touch no mortal survives—the *Ask* or *Eft*, which like a tiny crocodile is seen amphibious about lonely pools; also concerning the horse-hairs which in water can be converted, through certain observances, into living eels. Of Bauldy he spoke—how Bauldy intercepted rabbits from their holes; nay, how in the course of that last summer Bauldy had been tempted to seize a full-grown hare. For it had lain staring close at him; and was so strong, squealing so loud, that it proved all the dog could do to hold her; and *Jock* had been terrified, thinking maybe it might be auld Ailie Mathie from Boon, that was reckoned to be uncanny in her disguises. “Megsty, man—Aih, Wull!” he said, with a fresh emotion, “Wasna I put to’t that time—but gin I hadna done something quick, the keeper might hae been in the plantings and hear’t

her, it was siccan a clear simmer-day—then a' owre wi' Bauldy, pur falla'. So I just down wi' my staff, and up wi' a palin' stab, and fair felled her wi' the sharp side o't ahint the lugs o' her, till she was quiet. Hoo! hoo! hoo! what think ye I thoct that time?" chuckled he wildly: "geyan fear't though I was?" But when Will could not answer, Jock pursued. "Man, I thoct the hare's ee' gat a look o' auld Ailie's, the vera gait au'd see't her sleepin' i' the Kirk, aetime I was there—wi' her mooth an' her ee' open, though the Minister was thrang ca'in' at the De'il an' her! Weel, what did I do, but I buiry't the hare in-under a whin buss, an' I set Bauldie to watch the kyloes his 'lane—an' me awa' owre the hills to Boon, for nae ither errant but to ken gif auld Ailie was to the fore yet. Man, Wull, wasna I glad when I seed the auld donnart body sittin' i' the ingle like her ordinar', thrang at the stockin'-needles, an' girnin' at the neebors' bairns? The very minute I was gotten back to the hill, didna I howk the hare up in a jiffy, an' skinned her, and kennelt a bit fire, down by the burn in a lown spot, and pits her birlin' roond atowre't to roast, on three sticks like a tinkler's. I eatit her. At ony rate, Bauldy an' me eatit her, stoop and roop. Aih! what wad the Laird hae said? or Maviswud o' Maviswud? or auld Jock Murray o' Wanton-Wa's hissel', even? Hoo, hoo, hoo!" And more eldritch and weirdly still was the laughter of Jock, than his solemnity.

Suddenly Jock rose, and, with him, Bauldy uncurling himself sat up on end. They looked up into the dark, as at the sound of a hushing whisper that passed above; where the wan half-face of the moon had ceased to strive with the moving blackness, but downward from her place came wavering some great stray snow-flakes, that lighted here and there upon the peats, the ground, and the bristling hair of Bauldy. It was as if they saw in these the scattered feathers of some ravaged fowl in the upper world, and looked at each other with significance accordingly. Then the Kylloe-herd took a handful of the former

snow, pressing it together without effect, but nodding conviction at this sign that it was frosty still, so that the shower which now fell scantily and slowly would not long continue. Thereafter he asked to see the old iron rat-trap, which, as Will had admitted, was in the barn; and took it silently, going off with it alone, while his sentinel dog remained. This was to the end that he might set down the trap in some particular spot, beyond the corner of the wall, near a spreading fir-shrub there, which stood like an ambush toward the back-yard. He came back from thence, stooping along the wall, below the ivy and below the barn-eaves, into the gutter close by, where the hen-house door stood close, with its hutch half-raised as usual. It was seen then, that from his pocket he had been sowing upon his way some mysterious seed; the last grains of which he sprinkled out carelessly by that place of egress for the fowls at dawn, and returned thoughtfully to his former shelter. Faster the snow fell for a little, and wavered and floated again, till it came to a close, and there was through the dusk a soft hoary bloom again, with the white tops of things more discernible than before, and the woolly fibres of the trees reaching at the wan marblings of the sky. A sigh might have been thought to come in the stillness from the breast of *Kylloe-Jock*. It was the glebe cow-herd, however; who doubted, with a shiver, that the fox would ever come in so cold a night.

"Nicht? Nicht!" responded that herd of greater creatures, staring at him side-wise. "Is't nicht ye say? An' div ye think he wad rarely come, the third time, at nicht ava'? Weel—oo' dark folk canna but whiles wonder at you weiss yanes, daft though ye may ca' *huz*! It's easy to be seen ye haena enter't into the gait's o' foxes. The third nicht is canny, nae doo't—but it's no till the dead part o't's weel owre, that he'll e'en sae mickle as slip out o' his den by the fir-plantin,—an' no till life has begoon to steer again, when ye think a's safe, that he'll loup in upon the prey, an' awa' wi't ayont the dyke

an' the stank an' the whins, ben intil his hole. There's nae less nor nine holes o' them up bye. Though ye maunna think they're to be countit by holes. Na—they hae aye a front door, an' a back door, an' may be a bit side air-winnock or a keek-hole—an', when the t'ane door's here, t'ither's maist likely a quarter o' a mile ben the wud. I'm thinkin' there's just about three auld grown-up he-foxes a'thegither, the 'noo, on this side the big plantin'—there's ane a broon colour, anither red, an' there's anither sandy. I wadna wonder gin it's the sandy ane. An', gif it's *him*, man, he'll juist come, and come, an' better come, though there wasna nae need for't—as lang as the scent winna lie, an' the hunt isna out. Mony a time has *he* been huntit, too! Man! oo've seen aboon twa-score dowgs a' efter him full cry, an' Maviswud o' Maviswud, an' the Laird himsel', and Baillie o' Mellerstain, an' sweerin' Jock Murray o' Wanton-Wa's like a vera deevil, as they'd been dragons efter yae auld covvenannter, as they ca'd it lang-syne—an' in a moment they lost scent o' him till a' was dumb, ilka yowlin' tyke lickit-back, ilka red-coat glowerin' at the other, till at last they rade hame in the darkening to drink, as toom an' fashionless as bourtree whistles. An' efter a', gif he *did* come, what could ye *do wi' him?*" Almost dreadfully did Jock ask that question, which none could answer. Mournfully he went on, scoffing down the paltry purposes of glebe-Will.

"Gun? Na, na. As for yon bit ratton-trap, he'll juist awa' wi't, an' the chunky forbye, like a teegeger doon the brae, aff to the neist-hand cover for hame. An', but for what's said at the Manse here—it wadna been Jock, far less Bauldy, that wad hae made or meddle't wi' auld Saunders, wha has gotten faes enuch, puir lad. Man, couldna ye hae pitten yersel' in *his* place, without help o' *huz* twa that kens him sae weel! Ye've comed oot o' yeer hole, oo'll say, doon by the pailin', across the bog, and up the dyke side—no haein' pykit a bane this twal' hours and mair,

in siccan yaupish weather, sin' ye fand the last deed craw i' the ditch—an' what div ye see first, when ye skirt ahint the hen-houses? A yett wide open, that used for to be aye steekit close. Oo'll say ye e'en gang through, for a' that. What see ye neist, on the vera spot ye're to pass, or e'er ye win to the hen-house door—or whaur the first hens boo't to come scartin' oot by day-break, as ye lig in wait aneth the mirkest bield o' a fir-buss—*what* but the hatch-hole lifted like a trap itsel', and the grund or the snaw steered an' smuithed again, like 's Ann'ra the Bethra! hissel' had howkit a grave inunder! Houts! ye're no sic a gowk an' a gomerai as juist to gang loupin' in! Na, I'se warrant ye see a heap glegger, ma man Wull, nor ye *div* the' noo—ye see ilka track ye've made in the snaw yersel, an' ilka spot that's *without* a track. The lee-lane thing ye dinna see—it's hoo the snaw's sel' can hae the hairt to work against ye!"

Finally did the uncouth speaker grow silent, plunging his hands deep from the cold, which made the cow-herd's teeth chatter, till he urged their departure to the barn. There even the dog burrowed into the straw, as if heedless of further watching; while his master drew the doors as close behind them, as if the soundest sleep were the best; and the boy himself hurried gladly back within the house, to forget the ineffectual sight of their conclave, that seemed idle after all, in warmth and sleep.

Coldly, silently did the morning break, to no apparent consequence but that of troubled recollections about other things. The blue light dawned on Rud-diman's dull boards, where the book had been last thrown before the bedroom window-blind; and the first demand was by its early warning to repair past neglect. For the first voice was that of Andrew at the back gate, mounting on the horse Rutherford; which neighed and stamped as Andrew left brief word with Nurse Kirsty, how he was off to Thirlstane post-office for the expected letter, but would bring the groceries, the merceries, and what wares besides were wanted.

It was only as a dream that the earlier cock-crow had been followed by alarms and noises, back into roost, stable-yard, byre, and sty, with Rutherford already neighing at his stall. All this was a something that had relapsed to the usual sounds, and had turned on the other side, as it were, to repose again—by no means courting the new daylight. And, even now that the daylight had come, the barn doors were still snugly closed, as if on sluggards—so that Hugh had to conclude that the night's enterprise had failed. As he listens, however, it ever and anon grows plainer that Bauldy by fits was barking within the barn—a signal which seems to have some meaning, and which tells Hugh to make haste.

When they came out, and gathered again in private, *Kyloe-Jock* even stretched his arms and yawned. It was Bauldy that had sprung round the corner of the wall, and came sniffing along from it to the still-closed wicket, scraping there eagerly, making the snow fly behind him, to get through, or to creep under. Those marks of paws, of dragging—might indeed be his. But at the end of the train of barley-seed which Jock had sowed, round the corner, near the shelter of the young spruce-fir, what scattered feathers, and stray bird-down amongst the snow! Some specks of blood in it, too—and the trap, the buried trap, is there no longer—and, the moment that the gate is opened, like an arrow loosed from the bow did Bauldie dart away across the snowy paddock, by the white churchyard, down the stile, down the brae toward the hollow below the hill!

Away after him, shouting at the fox's traces confused with his, flew scarce less swift the two herds, scarce less eager the single boy. So singular were those traces, that they soon passed beyond mistake. First scuffling on, over the snow, then plucking it crisp from bare ground in patches with long bounds between, they plunged into the deeper places, as from a force that had bounded still on, indeed, and had sprung up again in desperate energy, but

lifted whole loads away with them, tearing out the very earth and pebbles in their course. At length had they struggled; till they had rolled like a ball altogether, and gone rolling till they vanished. Here lay the ravished chicken, and there ran *Kyloe-Jock*, and Will; while in the distance below, round a knoll of purest white, still snuffed and searched and hovered the disappointed Bauldy. A snow-wrapped block of stone it seemed, or some miniature of an avalanche, that rested there as a centre of the dog's bewildered barking, of his circling, of his retreating for aid. All else but his own marks was spotless; save where along the hill above, with a hoary sprinkling on the upper plumes, gloomed the dark of the pine-wood behind its far-ranged columns. But *Kyloe-Jock* spurned the fleecy ball with his foot, and Will the cow-herd smote it into a powdery cloud, while through the powder rushed in Bauldy, snapping, struggling, yelling painfully in the struggle with a form more savage than himself. Fettered as was the fox, half-enveloped in a wreath around the snow-ball that clogged his hind-foot, his wicked eye gleamed out, as he gnashed his sharp muzzle into Bauldy's throat. Nay, Bauldy was so vanquished that he turned, dragging both with a convulsive spring upon his master, whose blow from a mighty bludgeon was imminently required. Blows rained upon the enemy then; a cow-cudgel wreaked its revenge upon him; there were stones from the nearest dyke that mauled him, out of mere frantic impulse; Bauldy, taking fresh courage, ran in again, and bit and shook the motionless hind-leg of the helpless foe. He was silent still—dying, as it seemed, in grim silence; stretching himself out; muffling himself in his white mantle, as it were, and heaving the last breath, quite dead: so that the others would then have taken him up in triumph, had not *Kyloe-Jock* pushed them back. He even gave Bauldy a kick away, as the dog shook the carcass. Yet raising a hedge-stake he had pulled close by, he came down with it one mighty stroke behind the

head, like an executioner, and for a moment, as the blow descended, that small yellow eye might have been seen to open. It quivered, it shrank: but never closed again. It stared out wide, from the attitude of a last snarling turn. Then a second time the blow fell, even a third: but all was quiet.

Kyloe-Jock looked grim at the others, leaning on the hedge-stake. He drew the cuff of that tail-coat across his face, as it manifestly had often been drawn before, and surveyed the slain; not unheroically.

"It's the sandy ane," he said. "Aih man! But he's been tough. He juist grippit-on to life like roots o' trees. Ye'd hae thoct the haill feck o' us was to dee, afore he wad dee; an', efter a', it wasna *huz* that could hae trickit the likes o' him. It was the snaw, man! I'se warrant he had ten times the glegness, an' the kenninness, o' the haill

heap o' us—Bauldy an' a'. Trap, quo' ye! Hoo! what was a ratton-trap to him? My certy, *hit* wadna lang hae been a fash to Sanders.—Oot o' that, Bauldy, I tell ye, ye vicious brute! I'm thinkin', callants, the less oo' say about this, the better. For Maviswud an' the Laird, an' a heap mae, 'll miss him geyan sair!"

Doubtless the fox was safely deposited away, by him and Will. As for the boy—whether or not there came on him from those words a chill remembrance of very different speeches in *Cornelius Nepos*—he hung his head even as he told at home, in part, how accused innocence had been vindicated. Ere long, Andrew came riding back from *Thirlstane*, and brought the expected letter. It appointed the day when Mr. Rowland would certainly return home.

To be continued.

THE DUNGEON KEY.

"I GIVE this key to the kelpie's keeping."

He cried, as the key smote the deep lake's breast;

He left her kneeling, in rueful weeping,

A rayless cell's despairing guest.

Away rushed the steed, and the crow that was winging

Its flight to the distant wood was passed;

When morning dawned keen spurs were stinging

The courser's flanks like a frosty blast.

For knight and lady are vassals calling;
No voice replies from garden or bower;
Again round the castle is darkness falling,
But search is vain in turret and tower.

Year after year rolled by without telling
The fearful deed one cell could disclose;
Her bones lie white in the dungeon dwelling
The knight for his lovely lady chose.

That key is yet in the kelpie's keeping;
He faithfully grasps that iron trust;
He heard her rueful cries and weeping,
But said to himself, "What I must, I must."

THE CHRISTIAN SUBJECTS OF TURKEY.

THE events which have recently taken place in Syria have again brought the eastern question prominently into public notice, and in such a manner as to draw attention to the position of the Christians in Turkey. It is, therefore,

not so much our object to discuss the eastern question in its present aspect, as to consider the social and political condition of the Christian subjects of the Sultan. The investigation is attended with peculiar difficulty on account of the

absence of much information which it would be of great advantage to possess. Travellers often ignorant of the language, and seldom able to speak it fluently, cannot, in passing hastily through a country, form an accurate opinion of the condition of the people. They cannot expect to be told of the wrongs endured by the inhabitants. Still less can the agents of Governments allied to Turkey, accompanied by official attendants, learn the true state of affairs. This circumstance is of itself sufficient explanation of the discrepancy which appears to exist in the reports received by different Governments of what is taking place, although in all these reports we can trace the obvious desire of official agents to frame them so as to meet the real or supposed opinions of their superior authorities.

The condition of the Christian subjects of the Porte has been improved in many respects in late years. The tax termed *Haratch* which was imposed on the non-Mussulman population was formally abolished in 1855. Distinctive dresses and other marks of subjection and insult which they were compelled to wear or conform to have fallen into disuse. Offensive epithets in legal and other documents are no longer employed by the officers of the Porte. And more freedom is allowed with respect to the erection of churches. Such are the chief reforms which have been actually carried out.

If the proclamations of the Sultan were acted up to in their letter and spirit we should have to add to the preceding many other important reforms. In theory all classes of Turkish subjects are supposed to be equal in the sight of the law, and to be equally eligible for Government employment. But not even the most strenuous defender of the Ottoman administration would venture to assert that these provisions have ever been put in force.

In places where there are European residents the authorities are obliged to exercise moderation, but it is far otherwise in the interior. There, Christians

who are not under foreign protection have little security for either life or property. When they prosecute Mahometans, a decision is rarely given in their favour, and yet more seldom is it that the sentence when obtained is carried out. The first grievance therefore from which the Christians suffer is—

I. *The State of Turkish Law.*—The only recognised code is contained in the Koran. There the judges have to find the principles which are to serve for their guidance both with regard to points of law and their application. But it has become so apparent that the laws of the Koran cannot be fully acted up to in the present relative position of the Ottoman Empire and Christian Europe, that the Sultan has issued various "Hatts" or special decrees which his "governors and slaves" are enjoined to observe in the administration of the Government and of justice. In this manner a sort of equity has been introduced to moderate the strict letter of the law. It is obvious that much is thus left to the discretion of the court. Besides, it often happens that both the court and people are ignorant of the very existence of these Hatts. They are not distributed in the provinces; nor are any effective measures adopted to put them into execution. The Mussulman authorities either covertly or openly oppose their enforcement; while on the other hand the Christians do not, as a general rule, understand the language in which they are written; for all decrees are promulgated in Turkish—accompanied, indeed, occasionally by a French translation, but never by one in the vernacular tongue.

The next grievance which we have to consider is—

II. *The Imperfect Administration of Justice.*—In Turkey business of every kind is transacted by a *Medjlis* or council. If peace or war is to be determined, the Sultan holds a *Medjlis* on the subject. If a thief is to be caught, the inspector of police holds a *Medjlis* of his subordinates. Every department of the Government has its *Medjlis*, and nothing is ever done without the sanc-

tion of the proper council. Each village has its Medjlis; from its decisions appeal lies to the Medjlis of the district, then to that of the province, and ultimately to Constantinople. In criminal matters the police superintendent has his Medjlis, as court of first instance; and from him the appeal lies to the Pasha of the district. There is also a Medjlis for commercial cases, and often other Medjles exist for special purposes. But when we come to inquire into the organization of the Medjles, their defects become apparent. In every place which Mahometans and Christians inhabit together the majority of the Medjlis invariably consists of Mussulmen who represent local prejudices and jealousies, and can gratify their own private feelings without incurring personal responsibility. The Christian members thus become mere cyphers. Too often they follow the example of the others and take what bribes they can get. If they have the firmness and principle, which is indeed rarely the case, to resist unjust decisions, they are of course outvoted; and instances are known when assassination has been the means of removing a troublesome colleague. The composition of the Medjlis is the immediate cause of the next source of wrong which we have to mention, namely—

III. *Fiscal Oppression.*—It is impossible to imagine greater confusion to exist in the finances of any state than that shown in the present condition of the Turkish treasury. The revenue of the empire is derived chiefly from Vekouf property, customs duties, and tithes. With respect to the two former we have no occasion to offer any remarks, as they press on all Turkish subjects alike. With regard to tithes, however, the case is far different. Suppose the Porte requires 1,000,000*l.* The Finance Minister asks some capitalist to advance that sum, and offers to assign to him the tithe of such an article in such provinces. The capitalist procures the money. He has to obtain repayment of the sum with interest, to incur all the risks and expenses of collection, and to pay the Pasha and the

members of the Medjlis for the assistance they render him. If such a Government as that of Turkey attempted to collect the revenue by means of a Government department, the expense of collection would certainly not be less than 10 per cent. on the amount raised; but, under the present system, at least twice as much as the nominal sum is paid by the people, and often nearly three times the amount. Thus, to enable 1,000,000*l.* to be paid into the treasury, between 2,000,000*l.* and 3,000,000*l.* is extorted from the tax-payers. If this oppression, heavy as it is, affected all classes of the subjects of the Sultan alike we should not have occasion to refer to it. But in practice, land and property belonging to Christians is assessed generally a third higher than that of Mahometans, and under the present constitution of the Medjles no redress is to be obtained. Nor is this all. Farmers of taxes are not noted for just dealing. The most cruel means are resorted to to compel the payment of the assessments, with the sanction of the Medjles, and by the assistance of the troops. Bosnia and the neighbouring districts have suffered most in this respect in late years. Several deputations have been sent to Constantinople to lay a statement of these grievances before the Sultan, but in no case has relief been obtained; and the members have often been imprisoned and fined on their return.

IV. *Evils arising from the Truck System.*

—In agricultural districts the Medjles enforce the truck system when it would operate in favour of Mahometan land-owners and against the Christian peasantry. In this manner a state of things which amounts to practical slavery exists in many parts of Turkey. In the Spanish colonies in the West Indies, when an estate is to be sold, the price depends not on the land, but on the negroes living on it. So in many districts in Turkey, when an estate is sold, the price is determined by the number of bonds in the hands of its possessor. We do not say that the truck system is in force in all rural districts in Turkey, but only that it is very prevalent.

V. *Military oppression.*—When a Turkish military force is on the march, the country through which it passes undergoes all the suffering which the presence of a hostile force occasions. When the pay of the army is one or two years in arrear, the commissariat could not under any circumstances be expected to be in proper order. But what must the case be when the army is unpaid, and there is no commissariat at all? The inhabitants have to feed the soldiers, to repair or complete their equipment, and to forward them on their way; compensation is of course unthought of, and any complaints would be met with derision, if they did not lead to further ill-usage.

When it is known that a military force is in motion, the villagers often desert their huts and retire to woods and caves, taking with them what articles they can conceal. When they return they find their huts destroyed and their churches desecrated. The hardships thus occasioned fall chiefly on the Christians. Every man seeks to save himself from loss as far as possible; and Mahometan rulers and soldiery cannot be expected to supply their wants impartially from their co-religionists and the *giaours*.

In the rural districts the police are exclusively quartered on Christian families, who have to provide for all their wants. Travellers and Government officers when passing through the country are also lodged at the expense of the Christians, and it is scarcely necessary to add that no repayment is ever made. Closely connected with this grievance is that which we have next to consider, the most cruel of the many wrongs which afflict the Christian population; we mean,

VI. *The systematic abduction and ill-treatment of Christian women.*—It is only in Turkey that outrages of this description either meet with no punishment or are actually rewarded. Some years ago, considerable attention was excited by the case of Saleh Pasha, Governor of Varna. He caused to be removed to his harem the daughter of one of the chief men at Toulcha. Some time

elapsed before the father discovered what had become of his child. When he attempted to procure her release, he was arrested, and his property confiscated. But Varna was then garrisoned by an English force, and the case was so notorious that our authorities are understood to have remonstrated. The result was that the dead body of the girl was found some days afterwards. An inquiry took place respecting Saleh Pasha's concern both in the abduction and in the murder. He was removed from his post and sent to Constantinople to be formally tried; and the father was released. But we believe that we are perfectly correct in stating that Saleh Pasha was at once set at liberty, and has been since living in the capital, not having undergone even the semblance of a trial; and that the father's property has been retained by the Government. Outrages of this description are extremely frequent in the rural districts in Europe, and are never punished.

It is not uncommon to quarter troops on houses only inhabited by female Christians. In these, as well as in other instances, seldom does a male relative, who interferes on their behalf, escape alive.

Forcible abduction is encouraged by the following means. In Albania the prestige which it confers leads to personal advancement in Government employment. In Bulgaria it is facilitated by placing the relatives of a Christian girl who becomes a Mahometan on the same footing as Mahometans with respect to protection from fiscal oppression. In Monastir, and we believe elsewhere, a Turk who carries off a Christian girl and causes her to become a Mahometan, is exempted from military service.

The conduct of the Ottoman authorities in this respect is most reprehensible. The theory is that, on any case of abduction being made known, the girl is to be placed under the care of the chief of the religious sect to which her parents belong, at the place where they reside, until the case is decided. This is done at large commercial ports where a European element compels the observance of

some form of law and justice. In the interior another mode of procedure is adopted. Such cases are declared by the Government of Constantinople to be religious and civil cases, not criminal ones. The girl is brought before the Medjlis and asked what her religion is. If she replies Mahometan, the case is of course at an end. If she declares herself a Christian, the result is the same. The Medjlis quotes the Hatti-Humayun of 1856. In this much-vaunted edict, which has everywhere and in every respect proved to be a "delusion, a mockery and a snare," it is only provided that Christian evidence shall be received in commercial, correctional, and criminal cases.¹ The Medjlis decides that the case before it is a civil question. It consequently refuses to hear the girl's statement or that of her relatives; and unless a Mahometan comes forward to give evidence against his co-religionist in a matter which his creed regards as meritorious—an extremely rare occurrence—the Medjlis decides against the Christian plaintiff. This shows the nature of the next grievance, which demands our consideration, viz.—

VII. *The non-admission of Christian evidence in civil suits.* It would, we imagine, scarcely be believed that in the year 1860 the whole Christian population of a country should be placed below the level of convicted criminals by the existence of a law, or a custom having

the force of law, by which their testimony is refused acceptance in a court of justice on account of their religion. Yet such is the case in Turkey. In criminal cases, where Christian evidence is admitted, little attention enough is paid to it; but it is not creditable to England and France to have permitted this distinction to be perpetuated in civil suits. The influence which the Western Powers possessed when the Hatti-Humayun of 1856 was promulgated was undoubtedly powerful enough to have induced the Porte to decree that the evidence of Christians should be received in all cases equally with that of Mahometans. The consequence is that Christians must produce Mussulman witnesses in civil suits in which they are interested; and this leads to a most frightful amount of perjury. A regular class of false witnesses live by this means, and are ready to swear to any case. The result is not so injurious to the Christians as might have been expected, but it requires no proof to show what the effect to a state must be when perjury becomes a profession.

VIII. *Insecurity of property.* Christian evidence not being received, the property of Christians is necessarily rendered much less secure than it otherwise would be. Oral testimony is always preferred to documentary evidence, and in this manner Christians are often dispossessed of an estate by the weight of evidence given by perjured witnesses. While such a state of things exists improvement of any kind is not to be looked for.

IX. *Religious intolerance.* The powerful protection which the Greek and Roman Catholic communities enjoy prevents the Mahometans from perpetrating those disgraceful outrages in churches which they are wont to indulge in when it can be done with impunity. Religious intolerance evinced by rules of service, opposed, we will not say to good feeling, for that we could not expect to find, but to sound policy, prevents the entrance of Christians into the army. Forcible conversions of males are rare. They are generally accompanied with

¹ *Extract from Hatti-Sherif of 1856.*

Toutes les affaires commerciales, correctionnelles et criminelles entre des Musulmans et des sujets Chrétiens ou autres non-Musulmans, ou bien des Chrétiens ou autres de rites différents non-Musulmans, seront déférées à des Tribunaux Mixtes (i.e. the Medjlis).

L'audience de ces tribunaux sera publique; les parties seront mises en présence et produiront leurs témoins, dont les dépositions seront reçues indistinctement, sous un serment prêté selon la loi religieuse de chaque culte.

Les procès ayant trait aux affaires civiles continueront d'être publiquement jugés, d'après les lois et les réglemens, par devant les Conseils Mixtes des Provinces, en présence du Gouverneur et du Juge du lieu.

Civil suits are thus to remain on the same footing as before; consequently Christian evidence is inadmissible

such a public breach of the peace as to enable the ambassadors at Constantinople to make representations, and are therefore inconvenient.

The Ottoman Government is ready enough to afford every facility to European missionaries, whether Protestant or Roman Catholic. It is well aware that, while it can play off one sect of Christians against another, it increases existing differences between them, and perpetuates a state of things from which it alone can derive benefit.

Few Mahometans are ever converted to Christianity. There are many reasons against it; but the only one to which we need refer here is the law of the Koran, which condemns to death a Mussulman who renounces his faith. The present practice is to imprison and banish these converts; but so late as November, 1853, when the English and French fleets were at anchor in the Dardanelles, a Christian convert was tortured and executed at Adrianople, almost within sound of the guns of the allied fleet. No attempt was made to save his life, or to obtain reparation. Hatti-Sheriffs may be issued to satisfy the demands of European nations; but the people can entertain no very high opinion of the sincerity either of the Ottoman or of other Governments when they see on every side a systematic disregard of these laws evinced by the Turkish authorities, and can perceive no efforts on the part of the Christian Powers to compel their enforcement.

Such were the chief grievances from which the Christians suffered in the spring of 1860. No arguments are required to prove the accuracy of the Russian declaration that their condition had become intolerable. So much weight was felt at Constantinople to be attached to this declaration that a change of ministry ensued, notwithstanding all the efforts of the Mahometan party. Kabrisli Pasha—almost the only honest Turkish statesman, and the only man we believe who, after filling the highest offices of the State, is still poor—was reappointed Grand Vizier; from which post

he was dismissed last year for urging on the Sultan the necessity of economy. He was immediately sent on a mission of inquiry into the European provinces, unaccompanied, however, by delegates from the embassies. We imagine that his real report will not be very different from the foregoing statement. But the public version will probably maintain that these grievances have been much exaggerated. Few Christians have come forward to show their wrongs, and the most will be made of this circumstance. Kabrisli would have protected them; but, after his departure, they would have suffered severely for having given evidence. Several officials have been removed chiefly on account of offences against the Government, and due stress will be laid on this point; and, finally, the general aspect of the provinces will be declared highly satisfactory. But a report of this nature, unsubstantiated by the concurrent testimony of European commissions (the absence of whom we consider would be fatal to any report), will deceive no one. Nor will it be regarded by the Russian Government, who will probably avail themselves of the first opportunity to repeat in Roumelia the precedent afforded by the French intervention in Syria.

We believe, moreover, that the Russian Government is fully aware that the feeling formerly entertained towards Russia by the Greeks has undergone a considerable change. Centuries of the severest oppression had produced their inevitable effect. Nothing more debasing than Ottoman rule can be imagined. Debarred from the profession of arms, subjected to degrading distinctions, and exposed unarmed to the tyranny of a cruel and heartless dominant race, it is not to be wondered that the Greek character deteriorated. Nor was this all. Every year their most promising children were seized by the Moslems, and brought up in the Mahometan faith. In this state of insecurity with respect to all that was most dear to them, the Greeks lived for the present moment and became regardless of the future. In this manner a community soon degenerates

into utter barbarism. If, as the most eloquent historian of modern times has shown, the excesses of the French Revolution are to be palliated because they were directly attributable to the misgovernment of the monarchy, much more should the shortcomings of the Greeks be excused. It is remarkable that they have done so well.

It is to the influence of the Church that they owe their present position. During the long period of persecution (for such has been its normal character) which has continued since the Moslem conquest in the East, each individual Christian has had the strongest worldly inducement to abandon his faith, while to be a priest has been a special cause for personal insult. Yet very few Christians have ever apostatized, even to save their lives, notwithstanding the low moral standard to which the oppressions they have undergone unavoidably gave rise. Little sympathy have they received from Christian Europe, and still less assistance. Without exception each nation has sought to weaken the national Church, and to obtain adherents to its own form of Christianity. Russia has endeavoured to substitute the authority of the Archbishop of Moscow for that of the Patriarch of Constantinople. Roman Catholic powers have made every possible effort to increase the number of their community; and Protestant nations have tried to obtain converts from the other sects. The Turkish Government made the appointments to bishoprics depend on the bestowal of bribes among its officials, and generally took measures to confide the direction of ecclesiastical affairs to unworthy persons. But, notwithstanding all these calamities and drawbacks, the Church held its ground, and kept alive in the minds of the people the recollection of the glory of their ancestors. They were thus prevented from sinking into despair, and have now emerged from the fiery ordeal to which open enemies and false friends had subjected them. The Greek Revolution brought the dawn of better times. Thousands, indeed, fell during the contest by the

sword, by pestilence, and by famine, and thousands more were sold into hopeless slavery; and, although Europe could at last no longer abstain from interfering, yet even then the jealousy of the several powers prevented a state from being constituted which should by its extent and resources be able to satisfy the requirements of its subjects.

Unsatisfactory, however, as the settlement of Greece has proved, it has caused much eager longing on the part of the less fortunate Greeks who are still subject to the Sultan, to form at some happier time part of a great and a united nation. In England much misconception exists with regard to the state of Greece. The inhabitants of the Ionian islands can freely compare their almost independent national existence under British protection with the Government of Greece, and yet, except in the official class, there are few who would not prefer to join the Hellenic kingdom. What, then, must be the feelings of the Christians in Turkey?

Greece occupies to the latter the same position which Sardinia holds with respect to Italian patriots. But the Governments of Modena and Naples were not more oppressive than that of the Ottoman Porte is at this present time with regard to its Christian subjects. Should an insurrectionary movement take place in consequence of massacres by the Turks, or should treachery, as in Syria, lead to corresponding atrocities, the Greek Government would either be compelled to interfere by the force of popular pressure, or would be as powerless to resist the unanimous efforts of the people as Sardinia has been to prevent the departure of volunteers from its ports. The Western Powers have encouraged the progress of the union party in Italy; can they do less in the East, where so much reason for such a movement exists?

Russia is well aware of these sentiments of the Greek population. Turkish oppression caused them to seek the protection of the Czar, but there never was any cordial agreement between them. What could there be in common be-

tween the despotism of Russia, and the love of personal freedom inherent in the Greek race—between the form of Government which does not admit of even any expression of opinion contrary to the views of the administration, and the passion for political intrigue and popular discussion which often approaches to the excess of democratic license? A nation, like an individual, rarely sacrifices its higher principles and cravings to the mere desire of prolonged existence. A bond of union afforded by religion formed the connecting link between the Greeks as persecuted for their faith, and the Russian Government and people as its defenders. Since the era of Greek independence the opposite tendencies of the two parties have been developing; and this is one reason why Russia has of late so perseveringly sought to attach to her the Slavonic population of Bulgaria and the Principalities.

With regard to the amelioration of the social and political condition of the Christians, we consider that the welfare, or the existence even, of the Ottoman empire depends on the immediate introduction of some degree of order into the finances. A Financial Council has been recently instituted; but its functions are only deliberative, and the ministers decide what questions are to be submitted to it. It is needless to say more respecting it than that it is another contrivance to relieve the ministers from personal responsibility. The plan which we would recommend is, that a mixed commission, formed of the representatives of Great Britain, France, and Russia—the course lately adopted at Athens—should inquire into the whole question. They might be assisted, as at Athens, by competent officers, and the Turkish Government should be compelled to carry out their recommendations. We see no obstacle to the establishment of the Turkish finances on a sound basis, if confidence could be inspired. The debt is small—not more than 50,000,000*l.* The revenue and expenditure are nearly equal, and amount to about 10,000,000*l.* The

former, in a few years, might be doubled, by developing the resources of the country; and if the expenditure was wholly employed for purposes of public utility, instead of being wasted in personal extravagance, great benefits would be conferred on the community. The debt might be paid off in a few years without any extra taxation. Half the land in Turkey is *wakouf*, or the property of the charity department. This is now administered by the Government. Each tenement is held on a tenure similar to copyhold, and the Government derives a considerable revenue from fines and escheats. This land should, with special exceptions, necessary for the charitable purposes originally intended—for which a tenth of the whole would abundantly suffice—be converted into freehold, by a money payment. The *wakouf* property in and about Constantinople alone is valued at upwards of a million sterling. But the Porte knows that Christians or foreigners would buy the land, and therefore refuses to sell a single acre of this vast accumulating property. We think it should be gradually sold—half the proceeds to be applied to paying off the debt, and the other half to the construction of roads, &c.

If the finances were placed on a satisfactory footing, the next thing to be done is to appoint competent governors. Almost every Pasha is in debt. When his creditors will no longer wait for the settlement of their claims, he tells them that he cannot pay them unless they get him appointed governor of a province. No great length of time elapses before the Porte has recourse to the capitalists, who, in advancing money, ask the little favour of the nomination in question—which is granted at once. What can be expected from such a man? The subordinate functionaries in the provinces, almost without exception, have been domestic servants at Constantinople.

While the finances are so disorganised and provincial authorities are appointed in this manner, while the most terrible oppression is practised by the officers of the State, while corruption pervades every branch of the public service, and

while the crimes which we have referred to are committed with impunity, it is worse than useless to look for any improvement in the empire. But if the Sultan could be persuaded to undertake measures that would remedy this state of things, the rest would be easy, and the Turkish empire might resume its place among the nations of Europe.

The Christians could then entertain some good hope of relief. More offices, especially important ones, should be conferred on them, including several seats in the Great Council at Constantinople. Many places, in the islands chiefly, are wholly inhabited by Christians; yet a Turk is invariably sent as governor. He is always ignorant of their usages, and often bigoted. Not only have the inhabitants to supply the means for the repayment of his debts, and to provide him and the other Turkish authorities with means for the future, but they have likewise to endure the insults and tyranny in which such men generally indulge. In such localities a Christian should be appointed Pasha.

The special measures which we recommend for the amelioration of the condition of the Christians are:—

I. The immediate establishment of a general penal code, to be at once translated into the different languages of the empire; and that justice should be strictly and impartially administered.

II. The Medjles should be composed of members belonging to the different religious sects in each locality, *in proportion* to their number; but, wherever practicable, the Medjlis should be abolished, and a responsible judicial officer appointed as judge.

III. The Government should take the collection of the revenue into its own hands.

IV. The truck-system should be legally abolished, and all claims arising from it declared to be null and void.

V. The army and police, and all matters connected with them, should be conducted in accordance with the rules observed by civilised nations.

VI. All cases of abduction of females

should be recognised as offences to be dealt with by the criminal law.

VII. Christian evidence should be admitted in every court, in all cases, on the same footing as the evidence of Mahometans.

VIII. Documentary evidence, in matters where it is reasonably admissible, should be properly received.

IX. All instances of religious intolerance ought to be severely punished; and, lastly, the various Hatti-Sheriffs which have been issued in favour of the Christians should be consolidated into one, which should be ordered to be publicly read before each Medjlis, in the language of the place, twice in each year, and copies of which should be circulated in the provinces.

We will, in conclusion, offer a few remarks respecting the recent events in Syria.

The mountainous region of the Lebanon is, or rather was, inhabited by two different sets of people, the Maronites and the Druses—the former a sort of Roman Catholics, the latter a kind of heretical Mahometans. From the beginning of this century to 1832, the Lebanon was ruled by a Christian Prince of the Schahab family. In that year the forces of Mahomet Ali conquered Syria. They occupied the country till they were expelled by the English in 1839. Under the Egyptian rule the country flourished, the Christians were protected, trade revived, and internal tranquillity was maintained. But it has hitherto been the policy of England to make everything give way to the paramount question of the maintenance of the Ottoman Empire, and Syria was therefore again replaced under the Sultan's sway. A new arrangement, in opposition, however, to the wishes of the Turkish Government, which sought to establish its own direct authority, was made with regard to the Lebanon: the Maronite and Druse districts were placed under native chiefs, who were to have the title of Kaimakam, and to be directly subject to the Pasha of Beyrout.

The establishment of two rival petty

states was certainly not a measure calculated to maintain the public peace, and acts of violence continually occurred which sometimes led to actual hostilities.

What orders Khoorshed Pasha may have had on this subject we do not pretend to say, but he was undoubtedly well aware of the wishes of the Porte. He succeeded in setting race against race, and class against class. The Christians were encouraged to complain of their chiefs, while the chiefs were finally upheld; and thus thorough disunion was spread among the Maronites, and he and his subordinates afforded active assistance to the Druses.

The accounts of the late events in Syria which have appeared in the newspapers and in the papers laid before Parliament, fully prove the complicity of the Turkish local authorities in all that has taken place. It remains to be seen how far the Government at Constantinople is implicated in these transactions. Its conduct with respect to the following points will in our opinion be decisive whether its professions of regret at those atrocities are sincere.

The result of Khoorshed Pasha's trial will be of the utmost importance. Ahmed Pasha, Osman Bey, and the other ruffians who have disgraced the Turkish uniform have acted too recklessly to leave the result of their trial doubtful. With regard to the chief culprit the case is otherwise. Although he is the immediate author of all the misery which has been occasioned, he acted with too much caution to afford direct evidence of his guilt. Circumstantial evidence there is, and enough to warrant his conviction; but a partial tribunal, which would not even dare to acquit the others, might venture to make an attempt in his favour.

The steps which will be taken with regard to the Christian women who have been carried off by Mahometans will be the next measure which will test the sincerity of the Turkish Government, whose civil and military authorities have everywhere distinguished themselves by taking a most active part in these outrages. They must comprise the con-

dign punishment of the offenders, the release of their victims, and a provision for their future maintenance.

Whole villages have been compelled to embrace the Moslem belief. We have stated above the Turkish policy with regard to cases of conversion to Mahometanism. What course will be pursued in Syria?

Besides the punishment of those guilty of acts of violence towards Christians, of the destruction of their property, and the desecration of churches, fines should be levied on the towns which have been the scenes of these outrages, and of a nature to cause the consequences attendant on the commission of such crimes to be remembered; and, lastly, the remaining Christians should be maintained while in their present state of destitution, and relieved from taxation for two years at least.

After reparation for the past, guarantees for the future are to be considered. We presume it will be the duty of the European commission which has proceeded to Syria to determine what these shall be, as well as to insist on full and satisfactory redress.

The Turkish plan for the future government of the Lebanon will be undoubtedly the establishment of their own direct rule in both the Maronite and Druse districts. But France would never consent to this. French gold enabled the Maronites to attain to that degree of civilisation which the Druse outrages have just brought to an abrupt and sudden termination. In return for French capital advanced to them they sold their silk produce at a fixed price to the merchants of Marseilles and Lyons. The country was covered with homesteads, and abounded with mulberry trees. Now there is scarcely a house belonging to a Christian which has not been burnt; almost all their trees have been destroyed; and about 2,000,000*l.* French capital, which had been invested in this manner, has been lost. We feel sure that the Emperor will insist on steps being taken so as to effectually prevent a recurrence of Druse atrocities and of Turkish misgovernment. The best course

would be to invest the Viceroy of Egypt with the Pashalic of Syria. If his offer to send at once 10,000 troops into Syria had been accepted, not half the mischief which has happened would have taken place. If the Turkish rule continues, we do not see a possibility of the return of the French troops for some time. It would have been well if an English force had also been sent to Syria; but our Government and merchants seem to leave that part of Turkey entirely to French enterprise.

The punishment to be inflicted on the Druses must depend on the evidence which Khoorshed Pasha's trial brings to light. If it is true that their chiefs acted by his orders, the punishment of these chiefs, especially Mahomed Nasur and of a few others, and the imposition of fines, would suffice; but, if the Druses acted spontaneously, a much sterner measure of retribution should be inflicted. The Porte was much annoyed at the turn affairs took when the massacres extended beyond the Lebanon. The Government of Constantinople had nothing to do with *that*, and hence the severity to Ahmed Pasha, who after all was not so bad as others: his misconduct was confined to permitting acts of murder, violence, and plunder; he did not take an active part in, or derive benefit from them himself. The Porte would have been well pleased if the Maronites and Druses had facilitated their desire for supremacy in both districts by mutual destruction, and had no wish that massacres should occur on such a scale as to lead to European intervention. The events in the Lebanon might have passed off with comparative impunity, owing to the jealousy of the great powers; it was the news from Damascus which led to the French expedition.

It is impossible to imagine greater dangers to threaten any state than those which now menace the Turkish empire. The Sultan is weak, extravagant, and most unpopular. The officers of the Government are, with scarcely an exception, corrupt; and the Ministers are universally distrusted. The treasury is empty, and efforts have been made, with

little success, to raise another loan. The army is unpaid and dissatisfied, and all classes of the community are discontented. The Mahometans are indignant that the Christians have been so far placed, nominally even, on a level with themselves, and at the loss of their former prestige. The Christians are almost reduced to desperation by their miserable condition and by repeated disappointments with regard to measures for their relief. The papers on the state of Syria from 1858 to 1860, recently laid before Parliament, show the normal state of the remoter provinces. In Bosnia and the Herzegovine, an insurrection may take place at any moment, and great excitement everywhere prevails. Such being the state of things the slightest incident may produce the impending catastrophe. Where one sees on every side the circumstances which indicate and would bring about the downfall of even the most powerful monarchy, we may ask what ought to be the policy of Great Britain.

Our first duty is, laying aside all sectarian prejudices, to take measures for the welfare of our fellow-Christians. In the last few months thousands have suffered *merely because* they were called Christians, for Jews have in no case been molested. Great Britain has the power to prevent a recurrence of these events, and will incur great responsibility and guilt if that power is not properly exercised. If another trial can be given to the Ottoman Empire consistently with this object, it should be done; if not, its existence must terminate, or be so circumscribed as to place no obstacles to the *bonâ fide* fulfilment of this primary duty. It is true that Great Britain, France, and Austria have guaranteed the maintenance of the Turkish Empire; but that treaty is not binding if the Porte cannot enforce the first principles of civil society.

In the reign of William the Third, the great question of the day was the future of the Spanish monarchy: the line of policy which England then took up arms to maintain was directly at

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variance with the wishes of the people of Spain. The result, however, of the war of the Spanish succession was the triumph of the cause England had opposed; notwithstanding which, none of the dreadful consequences that had been anticipated ensued. This is a striking illustration of the danger of acting

against the unanimous desires of a nation, and should be an additional inducement to us, in dealing with the eastern question, to pay due regard to the wishes of the people, especially of the Christian population, of Turkey, and not to attach too much importance to remote and improbable contingencies.

THE AMMERGAU MYSTERY; OR SACRED DRAMA OF 1860.

BY A SPECTATOR.

Most travellers who have passed during this summer through the neighbourhood of Munich, or of Innsbruck, will have heard of the dramatic representation of the history of the Passion in the village of Ober-Ammergau, which, according to custom, occurred in this the tenth year from the time of its last performance. Several circumstances have, in all probability, attracted to it a larger number of our countrymen than has been the case on former occasions. Its last celebration, in 1850, has been described in the clever English novel of "Quits." Its fame was widely spread by two Oxford travellers who witnessed it in that same year. It forms the subject of one of the chapters in the "Art Student of Munich." There is reason, therefore, to believe that many Englishmen who will have frequented the spot in this year will not be unwilling to have briefly recalled to their thoughts some of the impressions left on one who, like themselves, was an eye-witness of this remarkable scene. These reflections shall be divided into those suggested by the history of the spectacle, and those suggested by the spectacle itself.¹

¹ Three printed works have been used for this description, over and above the personal observation of the writer:—

1. The Songs of the Chorus, with the general Programme of the Drama, and a short Preface.

2. "The Passion Play in Ober-Ammergau," By Ludwig Clarus. 2d Edition. Munich, 1860.

3. A similar shorter work, by Devrient, published at Leipzig in 1851.

I. Ober-Ammergau is, as its name implies, the *uppermost* of two villages, situated in the *gau*, or valley of the *Ammer*, which, rising in the Bavarian highlands, falls through this valley into the wide plains of Bavaria, and joins the Isar not far from Munich. Two or three peculiarities distinguish it from the other villages of the same region. Standing at the head of its own valley, and therefore secluded from the thoroughfare of Bavaria on the one side, it is separated on the other side from the great highroad to Innsbruck by the steep pass of Ettal. Although itself planted on level ground, it is still a mountain village, and the one marked feature of its situation is a high columnar rock, called "the Covel," apparently the origin of its ancient name, "Covel-iac." At the head of the pass is the great monastery of Ettal, founded by the Emperor Lewis of Bavaria, which, though dissolved at the beginning of this century, exercised considerable influence in giving to the secluded neighbouring village its peculiarly religious or ecclesiastical character. The inhabitants of the village have been long employed on the carving and painting of wooden ornaments, toys, and sacred images, which, whilst it required from them a degree of culture superior to that of mere peasants, also gave them a

There was a short but complete account of the representation this year in the *Guardian* Newspaper of July 25, 1860, which renders unnecessary any further consecutive description.

familiarity with sacred subjects¹ beyond what would be felt even amongst the religious peasantry of this part of Germany. Half the population are employed in these carvings. Half the houses are painted with these subjects.

In this spot, in consequence of a pestilence which devastated the surrounding villages, apparently in the train of a famine which followed on the ravages of the Thirty Years' War, a portion of the inhabitants made a vow, in 1633, that thenceforth they would represent every tenth year the Passion of Christ in a sacred play. Since that time the vow has been kept, with the slight variation that in 1680 the year was changed, so as to accord with the recurring decennial periods of the century.

Its date is important, as fixing its rise beyond the limit of the termination of the Middle Ages, with which, both in praise and blame, it is sometimes confounded. These religious mysteries, or dramatic representations of sacred subjects, existed, to a certain extent, before the Middle Ages began, as is proved by the tragedy of the Passion of Christ, by Gregory Nazianzen. They were in full force during the Middle Ages, in the form of "mysteries," or "moralities." But, almost alone of the ancient representations of sacred subjects to the outward senses, they survived the Middle Ages and the shock of the Reformation. This very vow which gave birth to the drama at Ammergau was made, as we have seen, in the middle of the seventeenth century. Through the whole of that century, or even in the next, such spectacles were common in the South of Germany. They received, in Northern Germany, the sanction of Luther. "Such 'spectacles,'" he is reported to have said, "often do more good, and produce more 'impression, than sermons." The founder of the Lutheran Church in Sweden, Archbishop Peterson, encouraged them by precept and example.

¹ There is one other locality in Tyrol where the inhabitants are similarly employed—the Grödner Thal near Botzen.

The Lutheran Bishops of the Danish Church composed them down to the end of the seventeenth century. In Holland, a drama of this kind is ascribed to the pen of no less a person than Grotius. Even in England, where they were naturally checked by the double cause, first, of the vast outburst of the secular drama, and then of the rise of Puritanism, they were performed in the time of the first Stuarts; and Milton's first sketch of the "Paradise Lost," as is well known, was a sacred drama, of which the opening speech was Satan's address to the sun. There was a period when there seemed to be a greater likelihood of the retention of sacred plays in England, than of the retention of painted windows, or of surplices. Relics of these mysteries, of which the sacred meaning, however, has long past away, still linger in the rude plays through which, in some parts of England, the peasants represent the story of St. George, the Dragon, and Beelzebub.

The repugnance, therefore, which has, since the close of the seventeenth century, led to the gradual suppression of these dramatic spectacles, is not to be considered a special offspring of Protestantism, any more than their origin and continuance was a special offspring of the Church of Rome. The prejudice against them has arisen from far more general causes, which have affected, if not in equal degree, yet to a large extent, the public opinion of Roman Catholic as well as of Protestant countries. If in the Protestant nations the practice died out more easily, in Roman Catholic nations it was more directly and severely denounced by the hierarchy. In 1779 a general prohibition was issued by the Prince-Archbishop of Salzburg, whose high authority in the country which was the chief seat of these performances gives to his decree a peculiar weight and interest. All the objections which most naturally occur to the most refined or the most Protestant mind find expression in the Archbishop's manifesto—"The mixture "of sacred and profane"—"the ludi-

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"crous and disagreeable effect of the
"bad acting of the more serious actors,
"or of the intentional buffooneries of
"others"—"the distraction of the minds
"of the lower orders from the more
"edifying modes of instruction by
"sermons, Church services, and revivals"
"—"the temptations to intemperance
"and debauchery, encouraged by the
"promiscuous assemblages of large
"numbers of persons"—"The scandal
"brought on the Church and religion
"by the exposure of sacred subjects to
"the criticism and ridicule of free-
"thinkers." All these and other like
objections stated by the greatest prelate
of southern Germany were followed up,
in 1780—1790, by vigorous measures of
repression on the part of the Bavarian
government and police.

Amidst the general extinction of all
other spectacles of this nature, that at
Ammergau still held its ground; partly
from the special nature of its origin,
more from the high character and cul-
ture of its inhabitants, arising out of
the causes above specified. In 1810,
however, the recent withdrawal of its
natural protectors by the secularization
of the Abbey of Ettal, and the increas-
ing alienation of public opinion from
any such religious exhibitions, induced
the ecclesiastical and civil authorities at
Munich to condemn its further cele-
bration, as "being in its very idea a
gross indecorum." Upon this a depu-
tation of peasants from Ammergau went
to plead their cause in the capital. The
ecclesiastics were deaf to their entreaties,
and bade them go home, and learn the
history of the Passion not from the
theatre, but from the sermons of their
pastor in church. At this last gasp, the
Ammergau spectacle was saved from the
destruction to which the Church had
condemned it by the protection of a
latitudinarian king. The deputies pro-
cured an interview with Max-Joseph,
the monarch whose statue in the square
at Munich, which bears his name, rests
on a pedestal characteristically distin-
guished by a bas-relief of the genius of
Humanity endeavouring to reconcile a
Roman Catholic prelate and a Lutheran

preacher. He received them kindly,
and through his permission a special
exception was granted to the Ammergau
Passion Play.

As a just equivalent for this per-
mission, the directors of the spectacle
undertook to remove from it all reason-
able causes of offence; and it is to this
compromise between the ancient religious
feelings of the locality and the exi-
gencies of modern times that we owe
the present form of the drama. Three
persons are named as having contributed
to this result. Weiss, an ex-monk of
Ettal, and afterwards pastor of Ammer-
gau, rewrote the dialogue and recast the
plot. To him are ascribed the strict
adhesion to the Biblical narration, and
the substitution of dramatic human
passions and motives, especially in the
case of Judas, for the ancient machinery
of devils, and also the substitution of
scenes or tableaux from the Old Testa-
ment for the allegorical personages who
filled up the vacant spaces in the older
representations. The music was com-
posed by Dedler, the schoolmaster and
organist. According to competent judges,
though for the most part inadequate to
the grandeur and elevation of the sub-
ject, it is much beyond what could be
expected from so humble a source. The
prologue was written by an ecclesiastical
dignitary (Dom-Provost), apparently of
the rank of archdeacon or rural dean,
Alliani, known as the Roman Catholic
translator of the Bible into German.

It is evident from this account, that,
as a relic of medieval antiquity, the
Ammergau representation has but a very
slight interest. It is on more general
grounds—namely, of its being a serious,
and perhaps the only serious existing
attempt to reproduce in a dramatic form
the most sacred of all events—that the
spectacle can challenge our sympathy
and attention.

But before proceeding to enlarge on
these grounds, a few words must be
devoted to the form and conditions under
which the representation exists, and
which can alone render its continuance
justifiable or even practicable.

It is perhaps the strongest instance

that could be given of the impossibility of transferring an institution from its own sphere to another. There cannot be a doubt that the same representation in London, in Paris, in Munich, would, if not blasphemous in itself, lead to such blasphemous consequences as to render its suppression a matter of absolute necessity. But, in fact, it would not be the same representation. It would be something the very opposite of that which it is. All that is most peculiar in the present performance would die in any other situation. Its whole merit and character lies in the circumstance that it is a product of the locality, nearly as peculiar to it as the rocks and fruits of the natural soil.

The theatre almost tells its own story. Although somewhat more akin to ordinary dramatic representations than when the play was performed¹ actually in the churchyard, it still retains all that is essential to divide it from a common stage. It is a rustic edifice of rude planks and benches, erected on the outskirts of the village. The green meadow and the circle of hills form the background—its illumination is the light of the sun poured down through the long hours of the morning on the open stage. Its effects of light and shade are the natural changes of the advancing and declining day and of the passing clouds. The stage decorations and scenery, painted in the coarsest and simplest style, as well as the construction of the theatre and the dresses of the actors, are the work of the villagers. The colours of the dresses, the attitudes of the performers, are precisely the same as the paintings and sculptures along the waysides, and on the fronts of the houses in Ammergau and the surrounding country. The actors themselves, amounting nearly to 500, are all inhabitants of Ammergau, and exhaust a large part of the population of the village. How far they are led to look upon their calling as an actually religious service—in what spirit they enter upon it—how far the parts are assigned according to the moral

characters of the performers—are questions to which, under any circumstances, an answer would be difficult, and on which, in fact, the statements are somewhat contradictory.² The only inference which a stranger can draw is from the mode of performance, which will be best noticed as we proceed. The completely local and unprofessional nature of the transaction is further indicated by the want of any system for the reception of the influx of strangers. Nothing can exceed the friendliness and courtesy of the villagers in accommodating the guests who seek shelter under their roof—but the accommodation itself is of so homely a kind as to be sure of repelling the common sight-seer or pleasure seeker. For a similar reason, apparently, there is no possibility of procuring either a printed text of the performance, or any detailed pictorial representation of the scenes. Lastly, the spectators are equally unlike those of whom an ordinary theatrical audience is composed. Although a few of the very highest classes are present, as for example, on one occasion this year, the Queen and Crown Prince of Bavaria, with their attendants—and although the covered seats are mostly occupied either by travellers or persons above the rank of peasants, yet more than three-fourths of those present must be of the humbler grades of life, who have come on foot, or in waggons, from localities more or less remote, to witness what, it cannot be doubted, is to them (whatever it may be to their superiors in station) an edifying and instructive spectacle. From them is derived the general atmosphere of the theatre. There is no passionate display of emotion or devotion. But their demeanour is throughout grave and respectful. Only in one or two passages, where the grotesque is evidently intended to predominate, a smile or "sensation" of mirth may be observed to run down the long lines of fixed and attentive counte-

² It is said that great care is employed in the selection of the best characters for the chief actors; that they are consecrated to their work with prayer; and that a watch over their conduct is maintained by the Committee.

¹ As was the case till 1830.

nances. Almost every one holds in his hand the brief summary of the drama, with the choral songs, which alone are to be purchased in print. Every part, even the most exciting, is received in dead silence ; the more solemn or affecting parts, with a stillness that can be felt.

II. In such an assemblage of spectators there is a contagion of reverence, which, at least on the spot, disarms the critical or the religious objector. What is not profane to them, ought not to be profane to any one who for the moment casts his lot with them. If he has so far overcome his prejudices or his scruples as to come at all, there is nothing in the surrounding circumstances to revive or to aggravate them. He may fairly hope to receive from the spectacle before him without hindrance whatever instruction it is calculated to convey beyond the circle of those for whom it is specially intended.

(1.) The first impression which an educated man is likely to receive, is one which, as being most remote from the actual scope or intention of the spectacle, shall be mentioned at starting, the more so as it is suggested in the most forcible manner at the very beginning of the performance. In that vast audience of peasants, seated in the open air, to witness the dramatic exhibition of a sacred story, bound up with all their religious as well as local and national associations, and represented according to the traditional types most familiar to them, is the nearest approach which can now be seen to the ancient Athenian tragedy. Precisely such a union of rustic simplicity and high wrought feeling—of the religious with the dramatic element—of natural scenery with simple art—was exhibited in the Dionysian theatre, and, as far as we know, has been exhibited nowhere since, through all the numerous offspring of dramatic literature which have risen from that great original source. The very appearance of the proscenium is analogous. Instead of the palace of Mycenæ, or the city of Thebes, before

which the whole action of a Greek tragedy was evolved, is the palace of Pilate and of Annas, and the streets of Jerusalem, remaining unchanged through the successive scenes. And the spectacle is opened by a sight, which, if not directly copied from the one institution peculiar to the Greek drama, is so nearly parallel, as to convey an exact image of what the ancient chorus must have been. From the opposite sides of the stage advance two lines of solemn figures, ascending from childhood up to full grown age, who range themselves, eight on each hand, at the sides of a Coryphæus, who in a loud chant announces to the audience the plan of the scene which is to follow, and then, in conjunction with his companions, sings an ode, precisely similar to those of the Athenian chorus, evoking the religious feeling of the spectators, recalling to their minds any corresponding events in the ancient Jewish history, and then moralising on the joint effect of the whole. It would be interesting to know how far this element of the sacred drama is a conscious imitation of the Grecian chorus, or how far it is the spontaneous result of parallel circumstances. That it is, in essential points, of indigenous growth, may be inferred from the fact that its part was in earlier times performed by a personage called "the Genius of the Passion." And such a personage appears in other religious solemnities of Southern Germany. In a quaint picture preserved at Landek (in the Tyrol) of the jubilee of the consecration of the village church, the "Genius," draped in a gay court costume, marches at the head of the procession of sacred banners and images which passes through the town and neighbourhood.

(2.) In one respect, this chorus of guardian spirits is less directly connected with the religious element of the drama, than was the case with their Pagan prototypes, who actually performed their evolutions round the altar erected in front of the stage. But this difference is compensated by the uniformly sustained elevation of their choral odes, and the stately stillness with which they

stand during their recital, and yet more by the curious device which the framers of the Ammergau drama have adopted to throw life into these moralising allusions to the ancient preludes of the Christian history. As they touch on the events of the Old Testament, which appear to bear more or less nearly on the evangelical incident about to be represented, they open their ranks—the curtain of the theatre draws up, and discloses at the back of the stage the event to which the recitation refers, exhibited in a *tableau vivant*, composed of the peasants, who, down to the smallest children, remain fixed in their attitudes till the curtain falls over them, again to rise and disclose another of like kind, arranged with incredible rapidity, again expounded, and again withdrawn from view, whilst the chorus proceeds with its task of didactic exposition.

These *tableaux*, which thus form an integral part of the choral representation, are repeated at the beginning of each scene, and, though often so remotely or fancifully connected with the main action of the drama as rather to clog its progress, yet powerfully contribute towards the variety and the continuous flow of the performance. They are of the most unequal interest. Some—such as the rejection of Vashti, corresponding to the rejection of Jerusalem ; the insult of Hanun to David's ambassadors, corresponding to the mockery of Christ ; and the elevation of Joseph in Egypt, contrasted with the mock elevation of Christ in the hall of Pilate—are tame both in conception and execution. But others—such as the appearance of Joseph to his envious brethren, Adam labouring in the sweat of his brow, the gathering of the manna in the wilderness, and the carrying of the grapes, corresponding respectively to the councils of the Sanhedrim, the Agony, the Last Supper—are at once touching and graceful, even when most childlike in ideas. In all, the immobility of the figures, sometimes consisting of hundreds, is most remarkable. In all, the choral odes derive from them a combination of pictorial and poetical representation as

singular as it is effective. The fine passage in which, after the false kiss of Joab by the rock of Gibeon, the rocks of Gibeon, and through them the surrounding rocks of the Ammergau valley, are invoked to avenge the treachery of Judas, is a stroke of natural pathos, which whilst it exactly recalls the analogous allusions in the choral odes of Sophocles, could be reproduced nowhere but on a scene such as that which is here described.

(3.) After the first prologue, and the first tableau (which represents the expulsion from Paradise), begins the regular action of the drama, which, alternating with the choral odes and tableaux, proceeds with unflagging continuity (only broken by one hour's rest in the middle of the day) from eight in the morning till four in the afternoon. This untiring energy of action is, no doubt, a powerful element in sustaining the interest, and reproducing the animation of the actual story. The first part begins with the Triumphal entry, and closes with the capture in the garden of Gethsemane.

(1) The first scene introduces us at once to the Chief Figure in the sacred story. The wide stage, with the passages approaching it, is suddenly filled with the streaming multitude of the Triumphal entry, of all ages, chiefly masses of children, mingled together in gay costume, throwing down their garments in the way, and answering, with jubilant shouts, to a spirited ode, which, in this instance rising above the ordinary music of the rest of the lyrical pieces, is sung by the exultant chorus.¹

Hail to Thee! hail! O David's Son!
Hail to Thee! hail! thy Father's throne
Is thine award.
In God's great name Thou comest nigh,
All Israel streams with welcome cry
To hail its Lord.

Hosanna! He who dwells in heaven
Send from above all help to Thee!
Hosanna! He who sits on high
Preserve Thee everlastingly!

¹ This and the following literal translations are given as specimens of the lyrical parts of this rustic drama.

Blessed be the life that springs anew
In David's house, in David's race;
To glorious David's glorious Heir,
All nations, bring your songs of praise!

Hosanna ! to our King's own Son,
Sound through the heavens far and wide!
Hosanna ! on his Father's throne
May He in majesty abide!
Hail to Thee ! hail !

It is amidst this crowded overflow of human faces, that there appears seated on the ass, the majestic Figure, known at once by the traditional costume of purple robe and crimson mantle, but still more by the resemblance to the traditional countenance of the Redeemer. Of this appearance, a gifted eye-witness in 1850 wrote that, from that moment, in her imagination, "This living representation would take the place of all the pictures and statues she had ever seen, and would remain indelibly impressed on her mind for ever." In every such representation, of whatever kind, the Ideal Person will still, to every religious and every cultivated mind, remain unapproached, and therefore unprofaned. But each will, in proportion to its excellence, exhibit some aspect of the Divine Original, in a form more impressive and more intelligible than has been obtained by any previous study or reading. That which, in the character now brought forward, most strikes the spectator as with a new sense of the truth of the Gospel narrative, is the dignity and grace with which the Christ moves, as it were, above the multitude and above the action of the drama, although bearing the chief part in it. It is felt that from this one character is derived the true tragical interest attaching to every other person and incident in all the subsequent scenes. On, the common mass of the audience the same impression appears in a less conscious, but a still more certain, form, through the increased stillness which pervades the theatre whenever this Figure appears. But this pre-eminence is maintained, not by any acting, rather by the absence of acting. The clear distinctness of the words which are uttered makes them

heard and felt, without the slightest approach to declamation. Every gesture implies a purpose, and yet there is not a shade of affectation. The disciples, the priests, the money-changers, the children, press around, and yet the figure of the Christ remains distinct from them all. Few have ever read the sacred narrative without a sense of the difficulty of conceiving how He, who is there described, could have passed through the world, as in it, and yet not of it. It is one advantage of the Ammergau representation that it gives us, at least, a glimpse of the possibility of such a passage through, yet above, the world.

To dwell on all the details in which this idea is carried out would be superfluous to those who have seen the spectacle, and unintelligible to those who have not. It is enough here to say, that amidst all the changing scenes which follow, and of which some notice will be taken as we proceed, the identity of character in the first appearance is never lost.

(2) As the Christ is the character in the drama, where the effect is sustained by the absence of all art and the independence of all the agitations of human passion, so the next most important character is that on which most effort has been bestowed, and in which the play of imagination and dramatic invention has been allowed the freest scope. It would be a curious inquiry to ascertain how far the conception of Judas Iscariot is traditional, or how far derived from the fancy of the last revisers of the drama. It is a certain and an instructive fact, that in the modernisation of the spectacle this internal development of motives has taken the place of the demons which the earlier machinery reproduced in outward shape as Judas's companions. This accommodation to what may have been thought modern prejudice is in every sense as it should be: it is not only a more refined, but a more scriptural representation of the history of the Traitor; and the coincidence of the two, as thus brought out in the drama, is well worthy

of the attention of the theological student. But the particular mode in which the motives of Judas are conceived is peculiar, and must be stated at length.

He is conspicuous amongst the Apostles, not only from the well-known red beard and yellow robe (as of envy), with which he always appears, but from his prominent position, always pressing forward, even beyond Peter himself, the restless, moving, active, busy personage of the whole group. The scene of the breaking of the box of precious ointment is worked to the utmost. The silent profusion of the Magdalene and the eager economy of Judas are contrasted from the two sides of the stage in startling opposition. From this moment a monomania, a fixed idea of replacing the 300 pence, takes possession of his mind. He shakes his empty money-bag. He recurs to the subject with a pertinacity bordering, and apparently meant to border, on the ludicrous. The thirty pieces of silver are represented as an equivalent for the loss. He is filled with nervous apprehensions as to the destitution of himself and his companions, if their Master should imperil Himself at Jerusalem. In this state he is left alone to his own thoughts, and, in a scene perhaps too elaborately drawn out, he rushes to and fro between the distractions of his worse and better nature; until the balance is turned by the deputation from the chief priests suddenly entering, playing on his delusion, getting round him, and entrapping him into the fatal compact. The absorbing passion is brought out forcibly once more, when, with a greediness of the actual coin, truly Oriental, and (if not suggested by some travelled or learned prompter) wonderfully resembling the Oriental reality, he counts over the silver pieces in the presence of the high priests. But the compunctions of conscience are never wholly repressed. The deadness of the grasp with which he takes the hands of his accomplices in the compact is very expressive. The shuffling agitation during the Last Supper; the outbreak of remorse before the Sanhedrim; the frenzy

into which he is goaded by their calm indifference; the fury with which he offers back the money to each, and with which he finally flings the bag behind him and rushes out, all have the effect of exhibiting in strong relief the return of a better mind recovering from a dreadful illusion. With this is mingled something of the ludicrousness as well as of the horror of insanity; and when, at the last, he clammers up the fatal tree, tearing off the branches as he reaches the top, and the curtain falls¹ to veil his end, it is probably as much from this admixture of the grotesque, as from a sense that the villain has got his due, that the commoner part of the audience is roused for once to an incongruous expression of derision. In one instance, at least, of a more thoughtful German Catholic of the middle classes, the representation of the strength of Judas's repentance left the impression that "we have no right to say that Judas was lost."

No other personage is so lifted above the incidents of the drama as to claim a separate notice. But if none of them rise above the general action, none of them fall below it, with the exception of the female characters. In former times, as in the ancient classical drama, these characters were all sustained by men; and the failure of the present practice well illustrates the reasonableness, almost the necessity, of the ancient usage. Not to speak of the inferiority of the conception of their parts—perhaps in themselves more difficult—the inadequacy of any ordinary female voice to fill the immense theatre in the open air is painfully felt; and the fulness and distinctness of the speeches of the men brings out forcibly the contrast of the thin, shrill voices of

¹ It is a curious fact, and confirms the remarks made above, that the circumstances of Judas's death have been, and are gradually being, softened down in the representation. First, the devils who carried him off were dropped; then the swine devouring his entrails; next, in 1850, his death was indicated only by a piercing shriek as the curtain fell; now, in 1860, the curtain falls, and the shriek is not heard.

the women who have to act the parts, happily less prominent in the drama than might have been expected, of the Virgin Mary, the Magdalene, and Martha. Possibly, the peculiar accent of German women, especially in the lower classes, may conduce to this result on English ears, beyond what would be the case with their own countrymen.

(3) In accordance with this prominence of the character of Judas, the one event round which the whole of this portion of the drama revolves, perhaps out of proportion to its place in the sacred narrative, is the Betrayal. The first preparation for it occurs in the first scene of the entry into the Temple, through the intervention of an element, the importance of which must be ascribed to the fancy of the framers of the drama. It would almost seem, as if with a view of bringing home the moral of the sacred history to the minds of the humbler classes, for whom the representation is chiefly designed, an intentional emphasis had been given to the incident of turning the buyers and sellers out of the Temple. The incident itself is brought out with much force in the loud and solemn utterance of the words, "My house is called a house of prayer"—the sudden overturning of the table of the money-changers—the live pigeons flying off into the open air above the heads of the spectators—the wild confusion and dispersion of the traffickers themselves. Immediately afterwards are heard their cries of "Revenge, revenge!" and throughout the subsequent scenes they are made the malignant and ingenious agents between the Sanhedrim and Judas.

(4) A large proportion of this part of the drama is occupied by the debates in the Sanhedrim. In these debates, a larger scope for the dialogue is given than in any other part; and from this circumstance, as well as from the difficulty of following in a foreign tongue arguments not founded on familiar facts, or couched in familiar language, the length to which these debates are carried is perhaps the only part of the

spectacle which produces an impression of wearisomeness. But for the common spectators this interlude, as it may be called, of ordinary life and speech may be a seasonable relief; and to the stray visitor there are two or three points exhibited in these scenes too remarkable to escape notice. He cannot fail to be struck by the prominence (not indeed beyond the strict warrant of Scripture) given to the fact that the catastrophe of the Passion was brought about by the machinations of the priesthood; that Christ was the victim of the passions, not of the people, or of the rulers, but of the hierarchy. The strange costume, as well as the vehement and senseless reiterations of the arguments and watchwords of the leaders, present (unintentionally, it may be, but if so, the more impressively), the appearance of a hideous caricature of a great ecclesiastical assembly. The huge mitres growing out into horns on the heads of the high priests present a grotesque compound of devils and bishops. The incessant writing and bustling agitation of the scribes are like satires on high dignitaries immersed in official business and intrigue. What may be the parts assigned to the lesser personages in the Sanhedrim it would be impossible to describe without the opportunity of more closely following the thread of the dialogue. But Annas and Caiaphas stand out distinct. Caiaphas is the younger, more impetuous, more active conspirator. Annas, clothed in white, and with a long white beard, represents the ancient, venerable depository of the Jewish traditions. He rejoices that he has lived to see this "day, when the enemy of the customs of his fathers will be cut off. He feels himself new-born." He gives to the traitor the assurance "that the name of Judas shall be famous for ever in the annals of his country." The whole scene suggests, in its own strange fashion, that of the Council in Milton's *Pandemonium*. But, as by the great poet in the fallen archangels, so in the apostate priests, there is kept up by the simple dramatist and performers of

Ammergau, something of the dignity and grandeur of a former and higher state.

(⁶) The scenes which represent the Feast in the house of Simon, and the Journey from Bethany to Jerusalem, require few remarks. The solemn, and, in a manner, regal appearance of the Christ, surrounded and fenced off by the constant circle of the Twelve, each with his staff in his hand, recalls what doubtless was one main peculiarity of the journeys recorded in the Gospel narrative. The parting from the Virgin mother and the friends of Bethany on the way to Jerusalem, is touching and simple. It forms one of the few exceptions to the failure of the female parts before noticed, and it is accompanied by one of the most affecting of the choral odes, on the search of the beloved one in the Canticles.

Where is my love departed,
The fairest of the fair?
Mine eyes gush out with burning tears
Of love, and grief, and care.

Ah ! come again ! ah ! come again !
To this deserted breast.
Beloved one ! oh ! why tarriest thou
Upon my heart to rest ?

By every path, on every way,
Mine eyes are strained to greet thee ;
And with the earliest break of day
My heart leaps forth to meet thee !

"Beloved one ! ah ! what woe is me !
My heart how rent with pain !"—
"O friend beloved—oh, comfort thee,
Thy friend will come again.

"Soon to thy side he comes once more
For whom thy soul awhile must yearn ;
No cloud shall ever shadow more
The joy of that return."

(⁶) The scene of the Last Supper is the one of which the effect on the audience is the most perceptible, and of which every detail most firmly rivets itself in the memory. From the first appearance of the band of sacred guests at the table in the upper chamber, till its dispersion after the joint recitation of a prayer or hymn, the whole multitude of spectators is hushed into breathless silence, deepening into a still profounder stillness, at the moment when the sacred words,

so solemn in the ears of any Christian audience, introduce the institution of the sacrament. There is probably no point in the spectacle where a religious mind would naturally be more shocked than by this imitation of the holiest of Christian ordinances. There is none, however, where this feeling is more immediately relieved, both by the manner of the imitation, and by the demeanour of the spectators. To a critical eye, two or three points of special instruction emerge from this strange mixture of dramatic and devotional interest. Although the aspect of the actual historical event is in this, as in all pictorial representations, marred by the substitution of the modern attitude of sitting for the ancient one of reclining, yet the scene reproduces, with a force beyond many doctrinal expositions, the social character of the occasion out of which the Christian sacrament arose. Nor is there anything (or hardly anything) in the form in which that first origin of the sacrament is represented, which attaches itself peculiarly to the special tenets of the particular Church, under whose auspices this drama has been preserved. The attitude of the Apostles in receiving, and of their Master in giving, the bread and wine of the supper, far more nearly resembles that of a Presbyterian than of a Roman Catholic ritual. The cup is studiously given, as well as the bread, to all who are present. The dignity and simplicity of the Chief Figure suffices to raise the whole scene to its proper pitch of solemnity. One only slight interruption to the complete gravity of the transaction, is the sudden flight of Judas from the supper, which, like most of the details of his character, blends, as has been already observed, something of the grotesque even with the most sublime and tragical parts of the story.

(⁷) The wild and touching prelude of the chorus to the scene of the capture in the garden of Gethsemane has been already noticed, and is, with its living accompaniments, amongst the most expressive parts of that class of representation in the spectacle. The scene itself

is, and, perhaps, must of necessity be, unequal to that which it endeavours to reproduce. The slow and painful ascent of the rocky side of the garden, the threefold departure, and the threefold return, is a faithful attempt to recall the heaviness and the sorrow of that hour. But of the remainder of the scene it is difficult not to feel that it would have been better if all had been left, as some parts are left, merely to the imagination of the spectators, however welcome to a rude taste may be the literal exhibition of what is in fact incapable of being exhibited. Not so, however, the sudden change of the stillness of the scene by the entrance of the armed troop. This, with the gradual closing in of the soldiers on their Victim, and the melting away of the disciples on the right hand and on the left, leaving their Master alone (for the first time from the beginning of the action) in the centre of armed strangers, makes the fitting, as it is the truly historical, climax to this first act of the drama.

(4.) As the first part of the spectacle converges to the Betrayal, so the second part, with more unquestionable propriety, converges to the Crucifixion. The whole action of the representation changes with the change of the position of the Chief Character; and, in this respect, it may be said that its dramatic interest is lessened. That Character, although still the centre of the movement, is now entirely passive. The majesty is sustained, even more remarkably than in the first part, but it is almost exclusively the majesty of endurance, and probably the fact of the gospel narrative which the representation here most deeply impresses on the spectator, is that of the long, immovable, almost unbroken silence, which, with very few exceptions, is the only expression, if one may use the word, of the Sufferer, in all the various scenes through which He is hurried, driven, insulted, tortured. This immobility of the Central Figure, added to the circumstance that the groups which follow are often directly copies either of well-known pictures, or of the sculptured

representations on Calvaries, gives to this second part much more the appearance of a succession of scenes in painting or sculpture than of actual life. For this reason, there are fewer points than in the former part requiring remark. Such as there are shall be briefly noticed.

(1) The long and constant bandying of the trial to and fro from court to court are powerfully delineated. How much the brief narrative of the gospel gains by some such development of its meaning may be best understood by reading the admirable attempt at such a literal development in Dean Milman's "History of Christianity." What that distinguished poet and scholar has achieved by the art of his pen, the drama of Ammergau has, in its rude way, attempted in its living actions and figures.

(2) A new class of actors is here introduced, in whose part it is more difficult than elsewhere to imagine the feasibility of maintaining a proper reverence of sentiment, namely, the soldiers and executioners. Nothing can be more natural than their roughness and insensibility; but of all the scenes of the transaction, these are the most painful to witness. The chief possibility of reconciling them to the devotional feelings of the audience and the actors must be found in the pictorial character of these latter scenes, which has just been noticed. To the critical observer they have the merit of exhibiting in the most graphic forms the way in which the hard realities and brutalities of life must on this occasion, as always, have come into the most abrupt and direct contact with the holiest and tenderest of objects, which, by a stretch of imagination, we usually contrive to keep apart from them.

(3) Of these scenes one of the most effective, and (from the absence of the Christ during the chief part) the least offensive, is that in the hall of Caiaphas, where the soldiers and the maids of the palace light the fire and interchange rude jests with each other about the recent events; whilst Peter and John are seen stealing in and mixing them-

selves with the crowd. Then comes the gradual absorption of Peter into the conversation round the fire; the manner in which he is entangled by his own forward obtrusiveness; the quick succession of questions, rejoinders, retorts, and denials; the sudden pang as his Master enters, and turns directly upon him a fixed silent look before passing on with the armed band, leaving Peter alone on the stage. The rapid passage across the stage of the two successive solitary penitents—Peter and Judas—is full of instruction even to those who have heard the contrast drawn out in hundreds of sermons.

(4) A character now appears, which, as it is conceived by the Ammergau dramatists, is, in dignity and gravity, though in no other particular, second only to that of the Christ. This is Pilate. There are many of the more subtle traits of the Governor's character, as they appear in the Gospel narrative,—his perplexity, his anxiety, his scepticism, his superstition,—which the spectacle has failed to reproduce. The dialogue is less impressive than it should be; the question, "What is truth?" is cut short by the entrance of a messenger who calls him out, as if by an external cause to account for his discontinuance of the conversation. But it is remarkable to observe the true historical tact of nature with which these half-educated peasants have caught the grandeur of the Roman magistrate. Every movement of himself, and even of his attendants, is intended to produce the impression of the superiority of the Roman justice and the Roman manners, to the savage, quibbling, vulgar clamours of the Jewish priests and people. His noble figure, as he appears on the balcony of his house, above the mob—his gentle address—the standard of the Roman empire behind him—the formal reading of the sentence—the solemn breaking asunder of the staff to show that the sentence has been delivered—are bold, though not too bold, delineations of the better side of the judge and of the law, under which the catastrophe of the sacred history was accomplished.

Herod, on the other hand, is depicted as a mere Oriental king, furious at the silence of his prisoner, and at his own inability to make anything out of the case.

(5) The chief priests still continue to take the leading part in the transaction, which they have sustained through its earlier stages. One element in their conduct is brought out with considerable truth of nature as well as of history; namely, the spirit and zeal with which, as fanatical ringleaders, they conspire, and then disperse in various directions to rouse the Jewish populace, which is represented as then, and by these means, turned for the first time into the course of furious hostility which demanded the Crucifixion.

In this part of the story immense stress is laid on the preference of Barabbas. In the choral ode which precedes the scene of the choice between the two prisoners, there is a striking combination of the choral and dramatic elements of the representation. The cries of the populace for Barabbas are heard behind the scenes, to which the Chorus replies with a mixture of irony and remonstrance.

People. Let Barabbas be
From his bonds set free.
Chorus. Nay, let Jesus be
From his bonds set free.
Wildly sounds the murderers' cry!
People. Crucify Him! crucify!
Chorus. Behold the man! behold the man!
Oh! say what evil hath He done?
People. If thou testest this man free
Caesar's friend thou canst not be.
Chorus. Jerusalem! Jerusalem! woe, woe to thee!
This blood, O Israel, God shall claim from you!
People. His blood on us and on our children be!
Chorus. Yea! upon you and on your children too.

In the actual release of Barabbas, the contrast is heightened by the assignment of the part of Barabbas to a person who is, or is made to look, the image of a low vulgar ruffian; and as the two stand side by side, the majesty and patience of the one is set forth by the undignified, eager impatience of the

other, shuffling to be released at the earliest moment.

(6) As the plot advances, the reproduction of the well-known paintings on the subject becomes more apparent. The "Eccæ Homo" is an evident imitation of the picture of Correggio. The Crucifixion, without perhaps specially resembling any one representation, is so much more like a picture than a reality that its painful effect is thereby much diminished. The Descent from the Cross is an exact copy of Rubens' famous painting.¹ Whatever living action is carried on through these last scenes lies almost entirely in the rough by-play, already described, of the soldiers and executioners. Only when the motionless silence of the Central Figure is broken by the few words from the Cross, is the illusion dispelled which might make us think that we were looking on a sculptured ivory image. The actual appearance of the Crucifixion is produced by mechanical contrivances, through which the person is sustained on the Cross with no further effort than that (which is no doubt considerable) of the extension of the arms. The apprehension or the knowledge of this effort gives a sense of real anxiety to the scene, which lasts for upwards of twenty minutes—and also of real care, to the mode in which the arms are gradually released from their outstretched position, and the body is slowly let down from the Cross by the long drapery with which, as in Rubens's picture, it is swathed and suspended as it descends. A breathless silence, succeeded by a visible relief, pervades the vast audience through the whole of this protracted representation.

(7) With the entombment, the dramatic portion of the spectacle properly ends. The scene which follows, and which is intended to represent the Resurrection from the tomb, in the presence of the watching soldiers, is, as might be expected from the nature of the subject,

wholly incongruous. And the brief scenes of the disappointment of the Chief Priests, of the arrival of Peter and John at the tomb, and of the appearance to the Magdalene, are unequal to the magnitude of the interest with which they are charged, and are evidently felt to be so by the audience, who, though still retaining their respectful demeanour, now begin very gradually to disperse. There is still, however, the impressive conclusion, when the chorus, laying aside the black robes, which they had assumed during the previous scene of the Crucifixion, come forth, and in the presence of a final tableau, embracing a vast mass of figures, in a representation of the heroes and saints of both Old and New Testament united in one, close the spectacle with a hymn of triumph.

Conquering and to conquer all
Forth He comes in all His might ;
Slumbering but a few short hours
In the grave's funereal night.

Sing to Him in holy psalms !
Strew for Him victorious palms !
Christ, the Lord of life, is risen !
Sound, O heavens, with anthems meet !
Earth, with songs the conqueror greet !
Hallelujah ! Christ is risen !

Praise Him who now on high doth reign !
Praise to the Lamb that once was slain !
Hallelujah !
Praise Him who, glorious from the grave,
Comes forth triumphantly to save !
Hallelujah !

Praise be to Him who conquers death,
Who once was judged on Gabbatha !
Praise be to Him who heals our sins,
Who died for us on Golgotha !
Let Israel's harp with gladdening sound
Joy through every spirit pour ;
He with the conqueror's crown is crown'd,
Who died and lives for evermore.

O praise Him, all ye hosts of heaven !
To Him all praise and glory be !
Praise, glory, honour, power, and might,
Through ages of eternity !

III. So ends the Ammergau spectacle. Its fourteenth and last representation was on the 16th of September, and it will not recur till 1870.

What may be the religious or devotional feelings awakened by this spectacle, in the various classes who are present, it would be impossible to determine. What they were intended to be

¹ The engravings of these pictures in the inns, even of remote parts of the Tyrol, render the knowledge of these pictures less remarkable than it would otherwise be.

is well expressed in the close of the short preface to the choral songs, which almost every spectator held in his hand:—

"May all who come to see how the Divine man trod this path of sorrows, to suffer as a sacrifice for sinful humanity, well consider that it is not sufficient to contemplate and admire the Divine original; that we ought much rather to make this Divine spectacle an occasion for converting ourselves into His likenesses, as once the saints of the Old Testament were His fitting foreshadowers. May the outward representation of His sublime virtues rouse us to the holy resolution to follow Him in humility, patience, gentleness, and love. If that which we have seen in a figure, becomes to us life and reality, then the vow of our pious ancestors will have received its best fulfilment; and then will that blessing not fail to us, with which God once rewarded the faith and the trust of our fathers."

But it may be worth while to sum up the reflections of a more general and intellectual character, which arise in the mind of an educated stranger who may have been present.

(1.) He can hardly fail to have an increased idea of the dramatic nature of the sacred story, which, amidst all the imperfections of this rustic spectacle, is brought out in so unmistakable a form. It is a saying, quoted from Lavater, that as there is no more dramatic work than the Bible, so the history of the Passion is the Drama of dramas. That this characteristic peculiarity of the sacred narrative should thus stand the test, is one of the many proofs to those who will receive it rightly, of the all-embracing power and excellence of the Bible itself.

(2.) Again, if he be a sound Protestant, it cannot but be a matter of theological instruction and gratification, to have observed how entirely Scriptural, and even in a certain sense unconsciously Protestant, is this representation of the greatest of all events. The biblical account controls the whole spectacle. The words of the Bible are studiously

used. Only one of the numerous tableaux—(that of Tobias and his parents)—is drawn from the Apocrypha. Only one slight incident, (that of the woman offering the handkerchief on the way to Golgotha,) is taken from ecclesiastical tradition. Even in cases where the popular sentiment of the Roman Catholic Church would naturally come into play, it has not penetrated here. The Virgin appears not more prominently or more frequently than the most rigid Protestant would allow. In the scenes after the Resurrection, the biblical account of the appearance to the Magdalene, not the traditional one of the appearance to the Virgin, is carefully preserved. The forcible representation of the predominant guilt of the Jewish hierarchy, and of the simplicity of the Last Supper, (as already noticed,) are directly suggestive of the purest Protestant sentiments.

(3.) Nor are there wanting further indications how a natural representation of the sacred history rises into a higher and wider sphere than is contained within the limits of any particular sect or opinion. The exhibition of the sacrifice on Calvary, whether in the actual representation, or in the didactic expositions of the chorus, is (with the possible exception of a very few expressions) the ancient Scriptural, orthodox view, not deformed by any of the more modern theories on the subject.

The philosophical as opposed to the medieval conception of human character in the case of Judas has been already noticed. Of the two great virtues which find so little favour with sectarian polemics, the praise of *truth* is the special subject of one of the choral odes; and the need of *justice*, especially justice in high places, forms the special theme of another.

There are those, it may be hoped, to whom it is a pleasure and not a pain to reflect that a representation of such a subject should not contain what is distinctive of any peculiar sect of Christendom; but, as if by a kind of necessity, should embrace and put forward what is common to all alike.

(4.) Again, any person interested in

national religious education must perceive the effect of such a lifelike representation of the words and facts of the Bible in bringing them home to the minds, if not the hearts, of the people. To those who believe that the Bible, and especially the Gospel history, has a peculiarly elevating and purifying effect, beyond any other religious or secular books, it will be a satisfaction to know that thousands of German peasants have carried away, graven on their memories, not a collection of medieval or mythological legends, but the chief facts and doctrines both of the Old and New Testament, with an exactness such as would be vainly sought in the masses of our poorer population, or even, it may be said, with some of our clergy. We may fairly object to the mode of instruction, but as to its results we must rejoice that what is given is not chaff but wheat. Nor need the most fastidious taste reject the additional light thrown by this representation on the most sacred page of the book which all Christians are bound to study, and which every clergyman is bound to expound to his flock, though by totally different means from those employed at Ammergau.

(5.) For, finally, any intelligent spectator at this scene will feel it to be a signal example of the infinite differences which, even with regard to subjects of the most universal interest, divide the feelings and thoughts of nations and Churches from each other, and of the total absurdity and endless mischief of transposing to one phase of mind what belongs exclusively to another. We Englishmen are not more reverential than an audience of Bavarian or Tyrolese rustics. Probably we are much less so. But, from long engrained habit, from the natural reserve and delicacy of a more northern and a more civilized people, from the association of those outward exhibitions of sacred subjects with a Church disfigured by superstition and intolerance, we naturally regard as impious what these simple peasants regard as devout and edifying. The more striking is the superstition, the more salutary its effect on those for whom it is intended ;

the more forcibly we may be ourselves impressed in witnessing it, so much the more pointedly instructive does the lesson become, of the utter inapplicability of such a performance to other times and places than its own. Sacred pictures, sacred sculpture, sacred poetry, sacred music, sacred ritual, must all be judged by the same varying standard. The presence or the absence of any one of these is reverent or irreverent, according to the intention of those who use it, and the disposition of those for whom it is intended. An organ would be as shocking a profanation of worship in Scotland or in Russia as a crucifix in England, or as the absence of a crucifix in the Tyrol or in Sweden. Every one knows what disastrous consequences have flowed from the attempt of certain High Church clergy to force upon the population of Wapping a ritual which, to those who introduced it, was doubtless symbolical of reverence and devotion, but in those who were to receive it, awakened only a frenzy of ribaldry, fanaticism, and profaneness. The case of the Ammergau mystery decisively proves the futility of all such forced and incongruous adaptations. This, beyond all dispute, is an institution which cannot be transplanted without provoking sentiments the exact opposite of those which it excites in its own locality. Even an extension or imitation of it in the country of its birth would go far to ruin its peculiar character. The Archbishop of Salzburg was probably as right in his general prohibition of such spectacles in southern Germany, as the King Max-Joseph in his permission of this particular one. Its inaccessible situation, its rude accompaniments, its rare decennial recurrence, are its best safeguards. Happily the curiosity which the representation of this year may have roused will have been laid to rest long before its next return ; and the best wish that can be offered for its continuance is, that it may remain alone of its kind, and that it may never attract any large additional influx of spectators from distant regions or uncongenial circles.

TOM BROWN AT OXFORD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL-DAYS."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE END OF THE FRESHMAN'S YEAR.

On the morning after Commemoration, Oxford was in a bustle of departure. The play had been played, the long vacation had begun, and visitors and members seemed equally anxious to be off. At the gates of the colleges groups of men in travelling dresses waited for the coaches, omnibuses, dog-carts, and all manner of vehicles, which were to carry them to the Great Western railway station, at Steventon, or elsewhere to all points of the compass. Porters passed in and out with portmanteaus, gun-cases, and baggage of all kinds, which they piled outside the gates, or carried off to the Mitre or the Angel, under the vigorous and not too courteous orders of the owners. College servants flitted round the groups to take last instructions, and, if so might be, to extract the balances of extortionate bills out of their departing masters. Dog-fanciers were there also, holding terriers; and scouts from the cricketing grounds, with bats and pads under their arms; and hostlers, and men from the boats, all on the same errand of getting the last shilling out of their patrons—a fawning, obsequious crowd for the most part, with here and there a sturdy Briton who felt that he was only come after his due.

Through such a group, at the gate of St. Ambrose, Tom and Hardy passed soon after breakfast time, in cap and gown, which costume excited no small astonishment.

"Hullo, Brown, old fellow! ain't you off this morning?"

"No, I shall be up for a day or two yet."

"Wish you joy. I wouldn't be staying up over to-day for something."

"But you'll be at Henley to-morrow?" said Diogenes, confidently, who stood at the gate in boating coat and flannels, a big stick and knapsack, waiting for a companion, with whom he was going to walk to Henley.

"And at Lord's on Friday," said another. "It will be a famous match; come and dine somewhere afterwards, and go to the Haymarket with us."

"You know the Leander are to be at Henley," put in Diogenes, "and Cambridge is very strong. There will be a splendid race for the cup, but Jervis thinks we are all right."

"Bother your eternal races; haven't we had enough of them?" said the Londoner. "You had much better come up to the little village at once, Brown, and stay there while the coin lasts."

"If I get away at all, it will be to Henley," said Tom.

"Of course, I knew that," said Diogenes, triumphantly; "our boat ought to be on for the ladies' plate. If only Jervis were not in the University crew! I thought you were to pull at Henley, Hardy?"

"I was asked to pull, but I couldn't manage the time with the schools coming on, and when the examinations were over it was too late. The crew were picked and half trained, and none of them have broken down."

"What! every one of them stood putting through the sieve? They must be a rare crew, then," said another.

"You're right," said Diogenes. "Oh! here you are at last," he added, as another man in flannels and knapsack came out of college. "Well, good bye all, and a pleasant vacation; we must be off, if we are to be in time to see our crew pull over the course to-night;" and the two marched off towards Magdalen bridge.

"By Jove!" remarked a fast youth, in most elaborate toilette, looking after them, "fancy two fellows grinding off to Henley, five miles an hour, in this sun, when they might drop up to the metropolis by train in half the time? Isn't it marvellous?"

"I should like to be going with them," said Tom.

"Well, there's no accounting for tastes. Here's our coach."

"Good bye, then;" and Tom shook hands, and, leaving the coach to get packed with portmanteaus, terriers, and undergraduates, he and Hardy walked off towards the High Street.

"So you're not going to-day?" Hardy said.

"No; two or three of my old school-fellows are coming up to stand for scholarships, and I must be here to receive them. But it's very unlucky; I should have liked so to have been at Henley."

"Look, their carriage is already at the door," said Hardy, pointing up High Street, into which they now turned. There were a dozen post-chaises and carriages loading in front of different houses in the street, and amongst them Mr. Winter's old-fashioned travelling barouche.

"So it is," said Tom; "that's some of uncle's fidgettiness; but he will be sure to dawdle at the last. Come along in."

"Don't you think I had better stay down stairs? It may seem intrusive."

"No, come along. Why, they asked you to come and see the last of them last night, didn't they?"

Hardy did not require any further urging to induce him to follow his inclination; so the two went up together. The breakfast things were still on the table, at which sat Miss Winter, in her bonnet, employed in examining the bill, with the assistance of Mary, who leant over her shoulder. She looked up as they entered.

"Oh! I'm so glad you are come. Poor Katie is so bothered, and I can't help her. Do look at the bill; is it all right?"

"Shall I, Katie?"

"Yes, please do. I don't see anything to object to, except, perhaps, the things I have marked. Do you think we ought to be charged half-a-crown a day for the kitchen fire?"

"Fire in June! and you have never dined at home once?"

"No, but we have had tea several times."

"It is a regular swindle," said Tom, taking the bill and glancing at it. "Here, Hardy, come and help me cut down this precious total."

They sat down to the bill, the ladies willingly giving place. Mary tripped off to the glass to tie her bonnet.

"Now that is all right!" she said, merrily; "why can't one go on without bills or horrid money?"

"Ah! why can't one?" said Tom, "that would suit most of our complaints. But where's uncle; has he seen the bill?"

"No; papa is in his room; he must not be worried, or the journey will be too much for him."

Here the ladies'-maid arrived, with a message that her father wished to see Miss Winter.

"Leave your money, Katie," said her cousin; "this is gentlemen's business, and Tom and Mr. Hardy will settle it all for us, I am sure."

Tom professed his entire willingness to accept the charge, delighted at finding himself re-instated in his office of protector at Mary's suggestion. Had the landlord been one of his own tradesmen, or the bill his own bill, he might not have been so well pleased, but, as neither of these was the case, and he had Hardy to back him, he went into the matter with much vigour and discretion, and had the landlord up, made the proper deductions, and got the bill settled and receipted in a few minutes. Then he and Hardy addressed themselves to getting the carriage comfortably packed, and vied with one another in settling and stowing away in the most convenient places the many little odds and ends which naturally accompany young ladies and invalids on their travels; in the course of which employ-

ment he managed to snatch a few words here and there with Mary, and satisfied himself that she bore him no ill-will for the events of the previous day.

At last all was ready for the start, and Tom reported the fact in the sitting-room. "Then I will go and fetch papa," said Miss Winter.

Tom's eyes met Mary's at the moment. He gave a slight shrug with his shoulders, and said, as the door closed after his cousin, "Really I have no patience with Uncle Robert; he leaves poor Katie to do everything."

"Yes; and how beautifully she does it all, without a word or, I believe, a thought of complaint! I could never be so patient."

"I think it is a pity. If Uncle Robert were obliged to exert himself it would be much better for him. Katie is only spoiling him and wearing herself out."

"Yes, it is very easy for you and me to think and say so. But he is her father; and then he is really an invalid. So she goes on devoting herself to him more and more, and feels she can never do too much for him."

"But if she believed it would be better for him to exert himself? I'm sure it is the truth. Couldn't you try to persuade her?"

"No, indeed; it would only worry her, and be so cruel. But then I am not used to give advice," she added, after a moment's pause, looking demurely at her gloves; "it might do good, perhaps, now, if you were to speak to her."

"You think me so well qualified, I suppose, after the specimen you had yesterday. Thank you; I have had enough of lecturing for the present."

"I am very much obliged to you, really, for what you said to me," said Mary, still looking at her gloves.

The subject was a very distasteful one to Tom. He looked at her for a moment, to see whether she was laughing at him, and then broke it off abruptly—

"I hope you have enjoyed your visit?"

"Oh, yes, so very much. I shall think of it all the summer."

"Where shall you be all the summer?" asked Tom.

"Not so very far from you. Papa has taken a house only eight miles from Englebourn, and Katie says you live within a day's drive of them."

"And shall you be there all the vacation?"

"Yes, and we hope to get Katie over often. Could not you come and meet her; it would be so pleasant."

"But do you think I might? I don't know your father or mother."

"Oh, yes, papa and mamma are very kind, and will ask anybody I like. Besides, you are a cousin, you know."

"Only up at Oxford, I am afraid."

"Well, now you will see. We are going to have a great archery party next month, and you shall have an invitation."

"Will you write it for me yourself?"

"Very likely; but why?"

"Don't you think I shall value a note in your hand more than—"

"Nonsense; now, remember your lecture—Oh, here are Uncle Robert and Katie."

Mr. Winter was very gracious, and thanked Tom for all his attentions. He had been very pleased, he said, to make his nephew's acquaintance again so pleasantly, and hoped he would come and pass a day or two at Englebourn in the vacation. In his sad state of health he could not do much to entertain a young man, but he could procure him some good fishing and shooting in the neighbourhood. Tom assured his uncle that nothing would please him so much as a visit to Englebourn. Perhaps the remembrance of the distance between that parish and the place where Mary was to spend the summer may have added a little to his enthusiasm.

"I should have liked also to have thanked your friend for his hospitality," Mr. Winter went on. "I understood my daughter to say he was here."

"Yes, he was here just now," said Tom; "he must be below, I think."

"What, that good Mr. Hardy?" said Mary, who was looking out of the window; "there he is in the street. He

has just helped Hopkins into the rumble, and handed her things to her as if she were a duchess. She has been so cross all the morning, and now she looks quite gracious."

"Then I think, papa, we had better start."

"Let me give you an arm down stairs, uncle," said Tom; and so he helped his uncle down to the carriage, the two young ladies following behind, and the landlord standing with obsequious bows at his shop door as if he had never made an overcharge in his life.

While Mr. Winter was making his acknowledgments to Hardy and being helped by him into the most comfortable seat in the carriage, Tom was making tender adieus to the two young ladies behind, and even succeeded in keeping a rose-bud which Mary was carrying when they took their seats. She parted from it half-laughingly, and the post-boy cracked his whip and the barouche went lumbering along High-street. Hardy and Tom watched it until it turned down St. Aldates towards Folly bridge, the latter waving his hand as it disappeared, and then they turned and strolled slowly away side by side in silence. The sight of all the other departures increased the uncomfortable, unsatisfied feeling which that of his own relatives had already produced in Tom's mind.

"Well, it isn't lively stopping up here when everybody is going, is it? What is one to do?"

"Oughtn't you to be looking after your friends who are coming up to try for the scholarships?"

"No, they won't be up till the afternoon by coach."

"Shall we go down the river, then?"

"No, it would be miserable. Hullo, look here, what's up?"

The cause of Tom's astonishment was the appearance of the usual procession of University beadles carrying silver-headed maces and escorting the Vice-Chancellor towards St. Mary's.

"Why, the bells are going for service; there must be a University sermon."

"Where's the congregation to come from? Why, half Oxford is off by this time, and those that are left won't want to be hearing sermons."

"Well, I don't know. A good many men seem to be going. I wonder who is to preach."

"I vote we go. It will help to pass the time."

Hardy agreed, and they followed the procession and went up into the gallery of St. Mary's. There was a very fair congregation in the body of the church, as the college staffs had not yet broken up, and even in the gallery the undergraduates mustered in some force. The restless feeling which had brought our hero there seemed to have had a like effect on most of the men who were for one reason or another unable to start on that day.

Tom looked steadily into his cap during the bidding prayer, and sat down composedly afterwards; expecting not to be much interested or benefited, but comforted with the assurance that at any rate it would be almost luncheon time before he would be again thrown on his own resources. But he was mistaken in his expectations, and, before the preacher had been speaking for three minutes, was all attention. The sermon was upon the freedom of the Gospel, the power by which it bursts all bonds and lets the oppressed go free. Its burthen was, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." The preacher dwelt on many sides of these words; the freedom of nations, of societies, of universities, of the conscience of each individual man, were each glanced at in turn; and then, reminding his hearers of the end of the academical year, he went on—

"We have heard it said in the troubles
"and toils and temptations of the world,"¹

¹ This quotation is from the sermon preached by Dr. Stanley before the University on Act Sunday, 1859 (published by J. H. Parker, of Oxford). I hope that the distinguished professor whose words they are will pardon the liberty I have taken in quoting them. No words of my own could have given so vividly what I wanted to say.

"Oh that I could begin life over again ! oh that I could fall asleep, and wake up twelve, six, three months hence, and find my difficulties solved !' That which we may vainly wish elsewhere by a happy Providence is furnished to us by the natural divisions of meeting and parting in this place. To every one of us, old and young, the long vacation on which we are now entering, gives us a breathing space, and time to break the bonds which place and circumstance have woven round us during the year that is past. From all our petty cares, and confusions, and intrigues ; from the dust and clatter of this huge machinery amidst which we labour and toil ; from whatever cynical contempt of what is generous and devout ; from whatever fanciful disregard of what is just and wise ; from whatever gall of bitterness is secreted in our best motives ; from whatever bonds of unequal dealing in which we have entangled ourselves or others, we are now for a time set free. We stand on the edge of a river which shall for a time at least sweep them away ; that ancient river, the river Kishon, the river of fresh thoughts, and fresh scenes and fresh feelings, and fresh hopes : one surely amongst the blessed means whereby God's free and loving grace works out our deliverance, our redemption from evil, and renews the strength of each succeeding year, so that 'we may mount up again as eagles, may run and not be weary, may walk and not faint.'

"And, if turning to the younger part of my hearers, I may still more directly apply this general lesson to them. Is there no one who, in some shape or other, does not feel the bondage of which I have been speaking ? He has something on his conscience ; he has something on his mind ; extravagance, sin, debt, falsehood. Every morning in the first few minutes after waking, it is the first thought that occurs to him : he drives it away in the day ; he drives it off by recklessness, which only binds it more and more closely round him. Is there any one who has ever felt, who is at this moment feeling, this grievous

"burthen ? What is the deliverance ? How shall he set himself free ? In what special way does the redemption of Christ, the free grace of God, present itself to him ? There is at least one way, clear and simple. He knows it better than any one can tell him. It is those same words which I used with another purpose. 'The truth shall make him free.' It is to tell the truth to his friend, to his parent, to any one, whosoever it be, from whom he is concealing that which he ought to make known. One word of open, frank disclosure—one resolution to act sincerely and honestly by himself and others—one ray of truth let into that dark corner will indeed set the whole man free.

"*Liberavi animam meam.* 'I have delivered my soul.' What a faithful expression is this of the relief, the deliverance effected by one strong effort of will in one moment of time. 'I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against Heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.' So we heard the prodigal's confession this morning. So may the thought well spring up in the minds of any who in the course of this last year have wandered into sin, have found themselves beset with evil habits of wicked idleness, of wretched self-indulgence. Now that you are indeed in the literal sense of the word about to rise and go to your father, now that you will be able to shake off the bondage of bad companionship, now that the whole length of this long absence will roll between you and the past—take a long breath, break off the yoke of your sin, of your fault, of your wrong doing, of your folly, of your perverseness, of your pride, of your vanity, of your weakness ; break it off by truth, break it off by one stout effort, in one stedfast prayer ; break it off by innocent and free enjoyment ; break it off by honest work. Put your 'hand to the nail and your right hand to the workman's hammer : ' strike through the enemy which has ensnared you, pierce and strike him through and through.

"However powerful he seems 'at your feet he will bow, he will fall, he will lie down; at your feet he will bow and fall, and where he bows, there will he rise up no more. So let all thine enemies perish, O Lord; but let them that love Thee be as the sun when he goeth forth in his might.'"

The two friends separated themselves from the crowd in the porch and walked away, side by side, towards their college.

"Well, that wasn't a bad move of ours. It is worth something to hear a man preach that sort of doctrine," said Hardy.

"How does he get to know it all?" said Tom, meditatively.

"All what? I don't see your puzzle."

"Why, all sorts of things that are in a fellow's mind—what he thinks about the first thing in the morning, for instance."

"Pretty much like the rest of us, I take it: by looking at home. You don't suppose that University preachers are unlike you and me."

"Well, I don't know. Now do you think he ever had anything on his mind that was always coming up and plaguing him, and which he never told to anybody?"

"Yes, I should think so; most of us must have had."

"Have you?"

"Ay, often and often."

"And you think his remedy the right one?"

"The only one. Make a clean breast of it and the sting is gone. There's plenty more to be done afterwards, of course; but there's no question about step No. 1."

"Did you ever owe a hundred pounds that you couldn't pay?" said Tom, with a sudden effort; and his secret had hardly passed his lips before he felt a relief which surprised himself.

"My dear fellow," said Hardy, stopping in the street, "you don't mean to say you are speaking of yourself?"

"I do though," said Tom, "and it has been on my mind ever since the beginning of Easter term, and has spoilt my temper and everything—that and

something else that you know of. You must have seen me getting more and more ill-tempered, I'm sure. And I have thought of it the first thing in the morning and the last thing at night; and tried to drive the thought away just as he said one did in his sermon. By Jove, I thought he knew all about it, for he looked right at me just when he came to that place."

"But, Brown, how do you mean you owe a hundred pounds? You haven't read much certainly; but you haven't hunted, or gambled, or tailored much, or gone into any other extravagant folly. You must be dreaming."

"Am I though? Come up to my rooms and I'll tell you all about it: I feel better already now I've let it out. I'll send over for your commons, and we'll have some lunch."

Hardy followed his friend in much trouble of mind, considering in himself whether with the remainder of his savings he could not make up the sum which Tom had named. Fortunately for both of them a short calculation showed him that he could not, and he gave up the idea of delivering his friend in this summary manner with a sigh. He remained closeted with Tom for an hour, and then came out, looking serious still but not uncomfortable, and went down to the river. He sculled down to Sandford, bathed in the lasher, and returned in time for chapel. He stayed outside afterwards, and Tom came up to him and seized his arm.

"I've done it, old fellow," he said; "look here;" and produced a letter. Hardy glanced at the direction, and saw that it was to his father.

"Come along and post it," said Tom, "and then I shall feel all right."

They walked off quickly to the post-office and dropped the letter into the box.

"There," he said, as it disappeared, "*liberavi animam meam*. I owe the preacher a good turn for that; I've a good mind to write and thank him. Fancy the poor old governor's face to-morrow at breakfast!"

"Well, you seem to take it easy enough now," said Hardy.

"I can't help it. I tell you I haven't felt so jolly this two months. What a fool I was not to have done it before. After all, now I come to think of it, I can pay it myself, at least as soon as I am of age, for I know I've some money, a legacy or something, coming to me then. But that isn't what I care about now."

"I'm very glad though that you have the money of your own."

"Yes, but the having told it all is the comfort. Come along, and let's see whether those boys are come. The Old Pig ought to be in by this time, and I want them to dine in Hall. It's only ten months since I came up on it to matriculate, and it seems twenty years. But I'm going to be a boy again for to-night; you'll see if I'm not."

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE LONG VACATION LETTER-BAG.

"June 24, 184—.

"MY DEAR TOM,—*"YOUR* letter came to hand this morning, and it has of course given your mother and me much pain. It is not the money that we care about, but that our son should have deliberately undertaken, or pretended to undertake, what he must have known at the time he could not perform himself.

"I have written to my bankers to pay 100*l.* at once to your account at the Oxford Bank. I have also requested my solicitor to go over to Oxford, and he will probably call on you the day after you receive this. You say that this person who holds your note of hand is now in Oxford. You will see him in the presence of my solicitor, to whom you will hand the note when you have recovered it. I shall consider afterwards what further steps will have to be taken in the matter.

"You will not be of age for a year. It will be time enough then to determine whether you will repay the balance of this money out of the legacy to which you will be entitled under your grandfather's will. In the meantime I shall

deduct at the rate of 50*l.* a year from your allowance, and I shall hold you bound in honour to reduce your expenditure by this amount. You are no longer a boy, and one of the first duties which a man owes to his friends and to society is to live within his income.

"I make this advance to you on two conditions. First, that you will never again put your hand to a note or bill in a transaction of this kind. If you have money, lend it or spend it. You may lend or spend foolishly, but that is not the point here; at any rate you are dealing with what is your own. But in transactions of this kind you are dealing with what is not your own. A gentleman should shrink from the possibility of having to come on others, even on his own father, for the fulfilment of his obligations as he would from a lie. I would sooner see a son of mine in his grave than crawling on through life a slave to wants and habits which he must gratify at other people's expense.

"My second condition is, that you put an end to your acquaintance with these two gentlemen who have led you into this scrape, and have divided the proceeds of your joint note between them. They are both your seniors in standing, you say, and they appear to be familiar with this plan of raising money at the expense of other people. The plain English word for such doings is, swindling. What pains me most is that you should have become intimate with young men of this kind. I am not sure that it will not be my duty to lay the whole matter before the authorities of the College. You do not mention their names, and I respect the feeling which has led you not to mention them. I shall know them quite soon enough through my solicitor, who will forward me a copy of the note of hand and signatures in due course.

"Your letter makes general allusion to other matters; and I gather from it that you are dissatisfied with the manner in which you have spent your first year at Oxford. I do not ask for specific confessions, which you seem inclined to offer me; in fact I would sooner not

have them, unless there is any other matter in which you want assistance or advice from me. I know from experience that Oxford is a place full of temptation of all kinds, offered to young men at the most critical time of their lives. Knowing this, I have deliberately accepted the responsibility of sending you there, and I do not repent it. I am glad that you are dissatisfied with your first year. If you had not been I should have felt much more anxious about your second. Let bygones be bygones between you and me. You know where to go for strength, and to make confessions which no human ear should hear, for no human judgment can weigh the cause. The secret places of a man's heart are for himself and God. Your mother sends her love.

"I am, ever your affectionate father,
"JOHN BROWN."

"June 26th, 184—

"MY DEAR BOY,—I am not sorry that you have taken my last letter as you have done. It is quite right to be sensitive on these points, and it will have done you no harm to have fancied for forty-eight hours that you had in my judgment lost caste as a gentleman. But now I am very glad to be able to ease your mind on this point. You have done a very foolish thing; but it is only the habit, and the getting others to bind themselves, and not the doing it oneself for others, which is disgraceful. You are going to pay honourably for your folly, and will owe me neither thanks nor money in the transaction. I have chosen my own terms for repayment, which you have accepted, and so the financial question is disposed of.

"I have considered what you say as to your companions—friends I will not call them—and will promise you not to take any further steps, or to mention the subject to any one. But I must insist on my second condition, that you avoid all further intimacy with them. I do not mean that you are to cut them, or to do anything that will attract attention. But, no more intimacy.

"And now, my dear boy, as to the

rest of your letter. Mine must indeed have failed to express my meaning. God forbid that there should not be the most perfect confidence between us. There is nothing which I desire or value more. I only question whether special confessions will conduce to it. My experience is against them. I almost doubt whether they can be perfectly honest between man and man; and, taking into account the difference of our ages, it seems to me much more likely that we should misunderstand one another. But having said this, I leave it to you to follow your own conscience in the matter. If there is any burthen which I can help you to bear, it will be my greatest pleasure, as it is my duty to do it. So now say what you please, or say no more. If you speak, it will be to one who has felt and remembers a young man's trials.

"We hope you will be able to come home to-morrow, or the next day, at latest. Your mother is longing to see you, and I should be glad to have you here for a day or two before the assizes, which are held next week. I should rather like you to accompany me to them, as it will give me the opportunity of introducing you to my brother magistrates from other parts of the county, whom you are not likely to meet elsewhere, and it is a good thing for a young man to know his own county well.

"The cricket club is very flourishing you will be glad to hear, and they have put off their best matches, especially those with the South Hants and Landsdown, till your return; so you are in great request, you see. I am told that the fishing is very good this year, and am promised several days for you in the club water.

"September is a long way off, but there is nothing like being beforehand. I have put your name down for a licence; and it is time you should have a good gun of your own; so I have ordered one for you from a man who has lately settled in the county. He was Purdy's foreman, with whom I used to build, and, I can see, understands his business thoroughly. His locks are as good as any I have ever

seen. I have told him to make the stock rather longer, and not quite so straight as that of my old double with which you shot last year. I think I remember you criticised my weapon on these points; but there will be time for you to alter the details after you get home, if you disapprove of my orders. It will be more satisfactory if it is built under your own eye. If you continue in the mind for a month's reading with your friend Mr. Hardy, we will arrange it towards the end of the vacation, but would he not come here? From what you say we should very much like to know him. Pray ask him from me whether he will pass the last month of the vacation here coaching you. I should like you to be his first regular pupil. Of course this will be my affair. And now God bless you, and come home as soon as you can. Your mother sends her best love.

"Ever your most affectionate,
"JOHN BROWN."

"ENGLEBOURN RECTORY,
"June 28th, 184—."

"DEAREST MARY,—How good of you to write to me so soon! Your letter has come like a gleam of sunshine. I am in the midst of worries already. Indeed, as you know, I could never quite throw off the fear of what might be happening here, while we were enjoying ourselves at Oxford, and it has all turned out even worse than I expected. I shall never be able to go away again in comfort, I think. And yet, if I had been here, I don't know that I could have done any good. It is so very sad that poor papa is unable to attend to his magistrate's business, and he has been worse than usual, quite laid up in fact, since our return. There is no other magistrate—not even a gentleman in the place, as you know, except the curate, and they will not listen to him, even if he would interfere in their quarrels. But he says he will not meddle with secular matters; and, poor man, I cannot blame him, for it is very sad and wearing to be mixed up in it all.

"But now I must tell you all my troubles. You remember the men whom we saw mowing together just before we went to Oxford? Betty Winburn's son was one of them, and I am afraid the rest are not at all good company for him. When they had finished papa's hay, they went to mow for farmer Tester. You must remember him, dear, I am sure; the tall gaunt man, with heavy thick lips, and a broken nose, and the top of his head quite flat, as if it had been cut off a little above his eyebrows. He is a very miserly man, and a hard master; at least all the poor people tell me so, and he looks cruel. I have always been afraid of him, and disliked him, for I remember as a child hearing papa complain how troublesome he was in the vestry; and except old Simon, who, I believe, only does it from perverseness, I have never heard anybody speak well of him.

"The first day that the men went to mow for farmer Tester, he gave them sour beer to drink. You see, dear, they bargain to mow for so much money and their beer. They were very discontented at this, and they lost a good deal of time going to complain to him about it, and they had high words.

"The men said that the beer wasn't fit for pigs, and the farmer said it was quite good enough 'for such as they,' and if they didn't like his beer they might buy their own. In the evening, too, he came down and complained that the mowing was bad, and then there were more high words, for the men are very jealous about their work. However, they went to work as usual the next morning, and all might have gone off, but in the day farmer Tester found two pigs in his turnip field which adjoins the common, and had them put in the pound. One of these pigs belonged to Betty Winburn's son, and the other to one of the men who was mowing with him; so, when they came home at night, they found what had happened.

"The constable is our pound-keeper, the little man who amused you so much: he plays the bass-viol in church. When he puts any beasts into the pound he

cuts a stick in two, and gives one piece to the person who brings the beasts, and keeps the other himself; and the owner of the beasts has to bring the other end of the stick to him before he can let them out. Therefore, the owner, you see, must go to the person who has pounded his beasts, and make a bargain with him for payment of the damage which has been done, and so get back the other end of the stick, which they call the tally, to produce to the pound-keeper.

"Well, the men went off to the constable's when they heard their pigs were pounded, to find who had the tally, and, when they found it was farmer Tester, they went in a body to his house, to remonstrate with him, and learn what he set the damages at. The farmer used dreadful language to them, I hear, and said they weren't fit to have pigs, and must pay half-a-crown for each pig, before they should have the tally; and the men irritated him by telling him that his fences were a shame to the parish, because he was too stingy to have them mended, and that the pigs couldn't have found half-a-crown's worth of turnips in the whole field, for he never put any manure on it, except what he could get off the road, which ought to belong to the poor. At last the farmer drove them away, saying that he should stop the money out of the price he was to pay for their mowing.

"Then there was very near being a riot in the parish; for some of the men are very reckless people, and they went in the evening, and blew horns, and beat kettles before his house, till the constable, who has behaved very well, persuaded them to go away.

"In the morning one of the pigs had been taken out of the pound; not Betty's son's, I am glad to say, for no doubt it was very wrong of the men to take it out. The farmer was furious, and went with the constable in the morning to find the pig, but they could hear nothing of it anywhere. James Pope, the man to whom it belonged, only laughed at them, and said that he never could keep his pig in himself, because it

was grandson to one of the acting pigs that went about to the fairs, and all the pigs of that family took to climbing naturally; so his pig must have climbed out of the pound. This of course was all a story: the men had lifted the pig out of the pound, and then killed it, so that the farmer might not find it, and sold the meat cheap all over the parish. Betty went to the farmer that morning, and paid the half-crown, and got her son's pig out before he came home; but farmer Tester stopped the other half-crown out of the men's wages, which made matters worse than ever.

"The day that we were in the theatre at Oxford, farmer Tester was away at one of the markets. He turns his big cattle out to graze on the common, which the poor people say he has no right to do, and in the afternoon a pony of his got into the allotments, and Betty's son caught it, and took it to the constable, and had it put in the pound. The constable tried to persuade him not to do it, but it was of no use; and so, when farmer Tester came home, he found that his turn had come. I am afraid that he was not sober, for I hear that he behaved dreadfully both to the constable and to Betty's son, and, when he found that he could not frighten them, he declared he would have the law of them if it cost him twenty pounds. So in the morning he went to fetch his lawyer, and when we got home you can fancy what a scene it was.

"You remember how poorly papa was when you left us at Lambourn. By the time we got home he was quite knocked up, and so nervous that he was fit for nothing except to have a quiet cup of tea in his own room. I was sure, as we drove up the street, there was something the matter. The hostler was watching outside the Red Lion, and ran in as soon as we came in sight; and, as we passed the door, out came farmer Tester, looking very flushed in the face, and carrying his great iron-handled whip, and a person with him, who I found was his lawyer, and they marched after the carriage. Then the constable was standing at his door too, and he came after us, and there

was a group of men outside the rectory gate. We had not been in the house five minutes before the servant came in to say that farmer Tester and a gentleman wanted to see papa on particular business. Papa sent out word he was very unwell, and that it was not the proper time to come on business; he would see them the next day at twelve o'clock. But they would not go away, and then papa asked me to go out and see them. You can fancy how disagreeable it was; and I was so angry with them for coming, when they knew how nervous papa is after a journey, as well as that I could not have patience to persuade them to leave; and so at last they made poor papa see them after all. He was lying on a sofa, and quite unfit to cope with a hard bad man like farmer Tester, and a fluent plausible lawyer. They told their story all their own way, and the farmer declared that the man had tempted the pony into the allotments with corn. And the lawyer said that the constable had no right to keep the pony in the pound, and that he was liable to all sorts of punishments. They wanted papa to make an order at once for the pound to be opened, and I think he would have done so, but I asked him in a whisper to send for the constable, and hear what he had to say. The constable was waiting in the kitchen, so he came in in a minute. You can't think how well he behaved; I have quite forgiven him all his obstinacy about the singing. He told the whole story about the pigs, and how farmer Tester had stopped money out of the men's wages. And when the lawyer tried to frighten him, he answered him quite boldly, that he mightn't know so much about the law, but he knew what was always the custom long before his time at Englebourne about the pound, and if farmer Tester wanted his beast out, he must bring the tally like another man. Then the lawyer appealed to papa about the law, and said how absurd it was, and that if such a custom were to be upheld, the man who had the tally might charge £100 for the damage. And poor papa looked through his law books, and could find nothing

about it all; and while he was doing it farmer Tester began to abuse the constable, and said he sided with all the good-for-nothing fellows in the parish, and that bad blood would come of it. But the constable quite fired up at that, and told him that it was such as he who made bad blood in the parish, and that poor folks had their rights as well as their betters, and should have them while he was constable. If he got papa's order to open the pound, he supposed he must do it, and 'twas not for him to say what was law, but Harry Winburn had had to get the tally for his pig from farmer Tester, and what was fair for one was fair for all.

"I was afraid papa would have made the order, but the lawyer said something at last which made him take the other side. So he settled that the farmer should pay five shillings for the tally, which was what he had taken from Betty, and had stopped out of the wages, and that was the only order he would make, and the lawyer might do what he pleased about it. The constable seemed satisfied with this, and undertook to take the money down to Harry Winburn, for farmer Tester declared he would sooner let the pony starve than go himself. And so papa got rid of them after an hour and more of this talk. The lawyer and farmer Tester went away grumbling and very angry to the Red Lion. I was very anxious to hear how the matter ended; so I sent after the constable to ask him to come back and see me when he had settled it all, and about nine o'clock he came. He had had a very hard job to get Harry Winburn to take the money, and give up the tally. The men said that, if farmer Tester could make them pay half a crown for a pig in his turnips, which were no bigger than radishes, he ought to pay ten shillings at least for his pony trampling down their corn, which was half grown; and I couldn't help thinking this seemed very reasonable. In the end, however, the constable had persuaded them to take the money, and so the pony was let out.

"I told him how pleased I was at the

way he had behaved, but the little man didn't seem quite satisfied himself. He should have liked to have given the lawyer a piece more of his mind, he said, only he was no scholar; 'but I've a got all the feelins of a man, miss, though I med'n't have the ways o' bringin' on 'em out.' You see I am quite coming round to your opinion about him. But when I said that I hoped all the trouble was over, he shook his head, and he seems to think that the men will not forget it, and that some of the wild ones will be trying to pay farmer Tester out in the winter nights, and I could see he was very anxious about Harry Winburn; so I promised him to go and see Betty.

"I went down to her cottage yesterday, and found her very low, poor old soul, about her son. She has had a bad attack again, and I am afraid her heart is not right. She will not live long if she has much to make her anxious, and how is that to be avoided? For her son's courting is all going wrong, she can see, though he will not tell her anything about it; but he gets more moody and restless, she says, and don't take a pride in anything, not even in his flowers or his allotment; and he takes to going about, more and more every day, with these men, who will be sure to lead him into trouble.

"After I left her, I walked up to the Hawk's Lynch, to see whether the view and the air would not do me good; and it did do me a great deal of good, dear, and I thought of you, and when I should see your bright face and hear your happy laugh again. The village looked so pretty and peaceful. I could hardly believe, while I was up there, that there were all these miserable quarrels and heartburnings going on in it. I suppose they go on everywhere, but one can't help feeling as if there were something specially hard in those which come under one's own eyes, and touch oneself. And then they are so frivolous, and everything might go on so comfortably if people would only be reasonable. I ought to have been a man, I am sure, and then I might,

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perhaps, be able to do more, and should have more influence. If poor papa were only well and strong!

"But, dear, I shall tire you with all these long histories and complainings. I have run on till I have no room left for anything else; but you can't think what a comfort it is to me to write it all to you, for I have no one to tell it to. I feel so much better, and more cheerful since I sat down to write this. You must give my dear love to uncle and aunt, and let me hear from you again whenever you have time. If you could come over again and stay for a few days it would be very kind; but I must not press it, as there is nothing to attract you here, only we might talk over all that we did and saw at Oxford.—Ever, dearest Mary, your very affectionate cousin,

KATIE.

"P. S.—I should like to have the pattern of the jacket you wore the last day at Oxford. Could you cut it out in thin paper, and send it in your next?"

"July —, 184—.

"MY DEAR BROWN,—I was very glad to see your hand, and to hear such flourishing accounts of your vacation doings. You won't get any like announcement out of me, for cricket has not yet come so far west as this, at least not to settle. We have a few pioneers and squatters in the villages; but, I am sorry to say, nothing yet like matches between the elevens of districts. Neighbours we have none, except the rector; so I have plenty of spare time, some of which I feel greatly disposed to devote to you; and I hope you won't find me too tedious to read.

"It is very kind of your father to wish that you should be my first pupil, and to propose that I should spend the last month of this vacation with you in Berkshire. But I do not like to give up a whole month. My father is getting old and infirm, and I can see that it would be a great trial to him, although he urges it, and is always telling me not to let him keep me at home. What do you say to meeting me half way? I mean, that you should

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come here for half of the time, and then that I should return with you for the last fortnight of the vacation. This I could manage perfectly.

"But you cannot in any case be my first pupil; for, not to mention that I have been, as you know, teaching for some years, I have a pupil here at this minute. You are not likely to guess who it is, though you know him well enough—perhaps I should say too well—so, in a word, it is Blake. I had not been at home three days before I got a letter from him, asking me to take him, and putting it in such a way that I couldn't refuse. I would sooner not have had him, as I had already got out of taking a reading party with some trouble, and felt inclined to enjoy myself here in dignified idleness till next term. But what can you do when a man puts it to you as a great personal favour, &c. &c.? So I wrote to accept. You may imagine my disgust a day or two afterwards, at getting a letter from an uncle of his, some official person in London apparently, treating the whole matter in a *business* point of view, and me as if I were a training groom. He is good enough to suggest a stimulant to me in the shape of extra pay and his future patronage in the event of his nephew's taking a first in Michaelmas term. If I had received this letter before, I think it would have turned the scale, and I should have refused. But the thing was done, and Blake isn't fairly responsible for his relative's views.

"So here he has been for a fortnight. He took a lodging in the village at first; but of course my dear old father's ideas of hospitality were shocked at this, and here he is, our inmate.

"He reads fiercely by fits and starts. A feeling of personal hatred against the examiners seems to urge him on more than any other motive; but this will not be strong enough to keep him to regular work, and without regular work he won't do, notwithstanding all his cleverness, and he is a marvellously clever fellow. So the first thing I have to do is to get him steadily to the collar, and how to do it is a pretty particular puzzle. For

he hasn't a grain of enthusiasm in his composition, nor any power, as far as I can see, of throwing himself into the times and scenes of which he is reading. The philosophy of Greece and the history of Rome are matters of perfect indifference to him—to be got up by catch-words and dates for examination, and nothing more. I don't think he would care a straw if Socrates had never lived, or Hannibal had destroyed Rome. The greatest names and deeds of the old world are just so many dead counters to him—the Jewish just as much as the rest. I tried him with the story of the attempt of Antiochus Epiphanes to conquer the Jews, and the glorious rising of all that was living in the Holy Land under the Maccabees. Not a bit of it; I couldn't get a spark out of him. He wouldn't even read the story because it is in the Apocrypha, and so, as he said, the d—d examiners couldn't ask him anything about it in the schools.

"Then his sense of duty is quite undeveloped. He has no notion of going on doing anything disagreeable because he ought. So here I am at fault again. Ambition he has in abundance; in fact so strongly, that very likely it may in the end pull him through, and make him work hard enough for his Oxford purposes at any rate. But it wants repressing rather than encouragement, and I certainly shan't appeal to it.

"You will begin to think I dislike him and want to get rid of him, but it isn't the case. You know what a good temper he has, and how remarkably well he talks; so he makes himself very pleasant, and my father evidently enjoys his company; and then to be in constant intercourse with a subtle intellect like his, is pleasantly exciting, and keeps one alive and at high pressure, though one can't help always wishing that it had a little heat in it. You would be immensely amused if you could drop in on us.

"I think I have told you, or you must have seen it for yourself, that my father's principles are true blue, as becomes a sailor of the time of the great war, while his instincts and practice are liberal in

the extreme. Our rector, on the contrary, is liberal in principles, but an aristocrat of the aristocrats in instinct and practice. They are always ready enough therefore to do battle, and Blake delights in the war, and fans it and takes part in it as a sort of free lance, laying little logical pit-falls for the combatants alternately, with that deferential manner of his. He gets some sort of intellectual pleasure, I suppose, out of seeing where they *ought* to tumble in; for tumble in they don't, but clear his pit-falls in their stride—at least my father does—quite innocent of having neglected to distribute his middle term; and the rector, if he has some inkling of these traps, brushes them aside, and disdains to spend powder on any one but his old adversary and friend. I employ myself in trying to come down ruthlessly on Blake himself; and so we spend our evenings after dinner, which comes off at the primitive hour of five. We used to dine at three, but my father has conformed now to College hours. If the rector does not come, instead of argumentative talk, we get stories out of my father. In the mornings we bathe, and boat, and read. So, you see, he and I have plenty of one another's company, and it is certainly odd that we get on so well with so very few points of sympathy. But, luckily, besides his good temper and cleverness, he has plenty of humour. On the whole, I think we shall rub through the two months which he is to spend here without getting to hate one another, though there is little chance of our becoming friends. Besides putting some history and science into him (scholarship he does not need), I shall be satisfied if I can make him give up his use of the pronoun 'you' before he goes. In talking of the corn laws, or foreign policy, or India, or any other political subject, however interesting, he never will identify himself as an Englishman; and 'you do this,' or 'you expect that,' is for ever in his mouth, speaking of his own countrymen. I believe if the French were to land to-morrow on Portland, he would comment on our attempts to dislodge them as if he

had no concern with the business except as a looker-on.

"You will think all this a rather slow return for your jolly gossiping letter, full of cricket, archery, fishing, and I know not what pleasant goings-on. But what is one to do? one can only write about what is one's subject of interest for the time being, and Blake stands in that relation to me just now. I should prefer it otherwise, but *si on n'a pas ce qu'on aime il faut aimer ce qu'on a*. I have no incident to relate; these parts get on without incidents somehow, and without society. I wish there were some, particularly ladies' society. I break the tenth commandment constantly, thinking of Commemoration, and that you are within a ride of Miss Winter and her cousin. When you see them next, pray present my respectful compliments. It is a sort of consolation to think that one may cross their fancy for a moment and be remembered as part of a picture which gives them pleasure. With which piece of sentiment I may as well shut up. Don't you forget my message now, and—

"Believe me, ever yours most truly,

"JOHN HARDY.

"P. S. I mean to speak to Blake, when I get a chance, of that wretched debt which you have paid, unless you object. I should think better of him if he seemed more uncomfortable about his affairs. After all he may be more so than I think, for he is very reserved on such subjects."

"ENGLEBOURN RECTORY, July, 184—.

"DEAREST MARY,—I send the coachman with this note, in order that you may not be anxious about me. I have just returned from poor Betty Winburn's cottage to write it. She is very very ill, and I do not think can last out more than a day or two; and she seems to cling to me so that I cannot have the heart to leave her. Indeed, if I could make up my mind to do it, I should never get her poor white eager face out of my head all day, so that I should be very bad

company and quite out of place at your party, making everybody melancholy and uncomfortable who came near me. So, dear, I am not coming. Of course it is a great disappointment. I had set my heart on being with you, and enjoying it all thoroughly; and even at breakfast this morning knew of nothing to hinder me. My dress is actually lying on the bed at this minute, and it looks very pretty, especially the jacket like yours, which I and Hopkins have managed to make up from the pattern you sent, though you forgot the sleeves, which made it rather hard to do. Ah, well; it is of no use to think of how pleasant things would have been which one cannot have. You must write me an account of how it all went off, dear; or perhaps you can manage to get over here before long to tell me.

"I must now go back to poor Betty. She is such a faithful, patient old thing, and has been such a good woman all her life that there is nothing painful in being by her now, and one feels sure that it will be much happier and better for her to be at rest. If she could only feel comfortable about her son, I am sure she would think so herself. Oh, I forgot to say that her attack was brought on by the shock of hearing that he had been summoned for an assault. Farmer Tester's son, a young man of about his own age, has it seems been of late way-laying Simon's daughter and making love to her. It is so very hard to make out the truth in matters of this kind. Hopkins says she is a dressed-up little minx who runs after all the young men in the parish; but really, from what I see and hear from other persons, I think she is a good girl enough. Even Betty, who looks on her as the cause of most of her own trouble, has never said a word to make me think that she is at all a light person, or more fond of admiration than any other good-looking girl in the parish.

"But those Testers are a very wicked set. You cannot think what a misfortune it is in a place like this to have these rich families with estates of their own, in which the young men begin to

think themselves above the common farmers. They ape the gentlemen, and give themselves great airs, but of course no gentleman will associate with them, as they are quite uneducated; and the consequence is that they live a great deal at home, and give themselves up to all kinds of wickedness. This young Tester is one of these. His father is a very bad old man, and does a great deal of harm here; and the son is following in his steps, and is quite as bad, or worse. So you see I shall not easily believe that Harry Winburn has been much in the wrong. However, all I know of it at present is that young Tester was beaten by Harry yesterday evening in the village street, and that they came to papa at once for a summons.

"Oh, here is the coachman ready to start; so I must conclude, dear, and go back to my patient. I shall often think of you during the day. I am sure you will have a charming party. With best love to all, believe me, ever dearest,

"Your most affectionate

"KATIE.

"P. S.—I am very glad that uncle and aunt take to Tom, and that he is staying with you for some days. You will find him very useful in making the party go off well, I am sure."

CHAPTER XXX.

AMUSEMENTS AT BARTON MANOR.

"A LETTER, Miss, from Englebourn," said a footman, coming up to Mary with the note given at the end of the last chapter on a waiter. She took it and tore it open; and, while she is reading it, the reader may be introduced to the place and company in which we find her. The scene is a large old-fashioned square brick house, backed by fine trees, in the tops of which the rooks live, and the jackdaws and starlings in the many holes which time has worn in the old trunks; but they are all away on this fine summer morning, seeking their

meal and enjoying themselves in the neighbouring fields. In front of the house is a pretty flower garden, separated by a haw-haw from a large pasture, sloping southwards gently down to a brook, which glides along through water-cress and willow beds to join the Kennet. The beasts have all been driven off, and on the upper part of the field, nearest the house, two men are fixing up a third pair of targets on the rich short grass. A large tent is pitched near the archery-ground, to hold quivers and bow-cases, and luncheon, and to shelter lookers-on from the mid-day sun. Beyond the brook a pleasant, well-timbered country lies, with high chalk-downs for an horizon, ending in Marlborough hill, faint and blue in the west. This is the place which Mary's father has taken for the summer and autumn, and where she is fast becoming the pet of the neighbourhood.

It will not perhaps surprise readers to find that our hero has managed to find his way to Barton Manor in the second week of the vacation, and, having made the most of his opportunities, is acknowledged as a cousin by Mr. and Mrs. Porter. Their boys are at home for the holidays, and Mr. Porter's great wish is that they should get used to the country in their summer holidays. And as they have spent most of their childhood and boyhood in London, to which he has been tied pretty closely hitherto, this is a great opportunity. The boys only wanted a preceptor, and Tom presented himself at the right moment, and soon became the hero of Charley and Neddy Porter. He taught them to throw flies and bait crawfish nets, to bat fowl, and ferret for rabbits, and to saddle and ride their ponies, besides getting up games of cricket in the spare evenings, which kept him away from Mr. Porter's dinner-table. This last piece of self-denial, as he considered it, quite won over that gentleman, who agreed with his wife that Tom was just the sort of companion they would like for the boys, and so the house was thrown open to him.

The boys were always clamouring for him when he was away, and making

their mother write off to press him to come again; which he, being a very good-natured young man, and particularly fond of boys, was ready enough to do. So this was the third visit he had paid in a month.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown wondered a little that he should be so very fond of the young Porters, who were good boys enough, but very much like other boys of thirteen and fifteen, of whom there were several in the neighbourhood. He had indeed just mentioned an elder sister, but so casually that their attention had not been drawn to the fact, which had almost slipped out of their memories. On the other hand, Tom seemed so completely to identify himself with the boys and their pursuits, that it never occurred to their father and mother, who were doatingly fond of them, that, after all, they might not be the only attraction. Mary seemed to take very little notice of him, and went on with her own pursuits much as usual. It was true that she liked keeping the score at cricket, and coming to look at them fishing or rabbiting in her walks; but all that was very natural. It is a curious and merciful dispensation of Providence that most fathers and mothers seem never to be capable of remembering their own experience, and will probably go on till the end of time thinking of their sons of twenty and daughters of sixteen or seventeen as mere children, who may be allowed to run about together as much as they please. And, where it is otherwise, the results are not very different, for there are certain mysterious ways of holding intercourse implanted in the youth of both sexes, against which no vigilance can avail.

So on this, her great fête day, Tom had been helping Mary all the morning in dressing the rooms with flowers, and arranging all the details—where people were to sit at the cold dinner; how to find the proper number of seats; how the dining-room was to be cleared in time for dancing when the dew began to fall. In all which matters there were many obvious occasions for those

petits soins which are much valued by persons in like situations; and Tom was not sorry that the boys had voted the whole preparations a bore, and had gone off to the brook to grozzle in the bank for crawfish till the shooting began. The arrival of the note had been the first *contre-temps* of the morning, and they were now expecting guests to arrive every minute.

"What is the matter? No bad news, I hope," he said, seeing her vexed expression.

"Why, Katie can't come. I declare I could sit down and cry. I shan't enjoy the party a bit now, and I wish it were all over."

"I am sure Katie would be very unhappy if she thought you were going to spoil your day's pleasure on her account."

"Yes, I know she would; but it is so provoking when I had looked forward so to having her."

"You have never told me why she cannot come; she was quite full of it all when I saw her a few days back."

"Oh, there is a poor old woman in the village dying who is a great friend of Katie's. Here is her letter; let me see," she said, glancing over it to see that there was nothing in it which she did not wish him to read, "you may read it, if you like."

Tom began reading. "Betty Winburn," he said, when he came to the name, "what, poor dear old Betty! why I've known her ever since I was born. She used to live in our parish, and I haven't seen her this eight years nearly. And her boy Harry, I wonder what has become of him?"

"You will see if you read on," said Mary; and so he read to the end, and then folded it up and returned it.

"So poor old Betty is dying. Well, she was always a good soul, and very kind to me when I was a boy. I should like to see her once again, and perhaps I might be able to do something for her son."

"Why should we not ride over to Englebourne to-morrow? They will be

glad to get us out of the way while the house is being straightened."

"I should like it of all things, if it can be managed."

"Oh, I will manage it somehow, for I must go and see that dear Katie. I do feel so ashamed of myself when I think of all the good she is doing, and I do nothing but put flowers about, and play the piano. Isn't she an angel now?"

"Of course she is."

"Yes; but I won't have that sort of matter-of-course acquiescence. Now, do you really mean that Katie is as good as an angel?"

"As seriously as if I saw the wings growing out of her shoulders, and dew drops hanging on them."

"You deserve to have some things not at all like wings growing out of your head. How is it that you never see when I don't want you to talk your nonsense?"

"How am I to talk sense about angels? I don't know anything about them."

"You know what I mean, perfectly. I say that dear Katie is an angel, and I mean that I don't know anything in her—no, not one single thing—which I should like to have changed. If the angels are all as good as she"—

"If/ why I shall begin to doubt your orthodoxy."

"You don't know what I was going to say."

"It doesn't matter what you were going to say. You couldn't have brought that sentence round to an orthodox conclusion. Oh, please don't look angry, now. Yes, I quite see what you mean. You can think of Katie just as she is now in Heaven, without being shocked."

Mary paused for a moment before she answered, as if she were rather taken by surprise at this way of putting her meaning, and then said seriously—

"Indeed, I can. I think we should all be perfectly happy if we were all as good as she is."

"But she is not very happy herself, I am afraid."

"Of course not; how can she be,

when all the people about her are so troublesome and selfish!"

"I can't fancy an angel the least like Uncle Robert, can you?"

"I won't talk about angels any more. You have made me feel quite as if I had been saying something wicked."

"Now really it is too hard that you should lay the blame on me, when you began the subject yourself. You ought at least to let me say what I have to say about angels."

"Why, you said you knew nothing about them half a minute ago."

"But I may have my notions like other people. You have your notions. Katie is your angel."

"Well, then, what are your notions?"

"Katie is rather too dark for my idea of an angel. I can't fancy a dark angel."

"Why, how can you call Katie dark?"

"I only say she is too dark for my idea of an angel."

"Well, go on."

"Then, she is rather too grave."

"Too grave for an angel!"

"For my idea of an angel—one doesn't want one's angel to be like oneself, and I am so grave, you know."

"Yes, very. Then your angel is to be a laughing angel. A laughing angel, and yet very sensible; never talking nonsense?"

"Oh, I didn't say that."

"But you said he wasn't to be like you."

"He! who in the world do you mean by he?"

"Why, your angel, of course."

"My angel! You don't really suppose that my angel is to be a man?"

"I have no time to think about it. Look, they are putting those targets quite crooked. You are responsible for the targets; we must go and get them straight."

They walked across the ground towards the targets, and Tom settled them according to his notions of opposites.

"After all, archery is slow work," he said, when the targets were settled satisfactorily. "I don't believe anybody really enjoys it."

"Now that is because you men haven't it all to yourselves. You are jealous of any sort of game in which we can join. I believe you are afraid of being beaten."

"On the contrary, that is its only recommendation, that you can join in it."

"Well, I think that ought to be recommendation enough. But I believe it is much harder than most of your games. You can't shoot half as well as you play cricket, can you?"

"No, because I never practise. It isn't exciting to be walking up and down between two targets, and doing the same thing over and over again. Why, you don't find it so yourself. You hardly ever shoot."

"Indeed I do though, constantly."

"Why, I have scarcely ever seen you shooting."

"That is because you are away with the boys all day."

"Oh, I am never too far to know what is going on. I'm sure you have never practised for more than a quarter of an hour any day that I have been here."

"Well, perhaps I may not have. But I tell you I am very fond of it."

Here the two boys came up from the brook, Neddy with his Scotch cap full of cray-fish.

"Why, you wretched boys, where have you been? You are not fit to be seen," said Mary, shaking the arrows at them, which she was carrying in her hand. "Go and dress directly, or you will be late. I think I heard a carriage drive up just now."

"Oh, there's plenty of time. Look what whackers, cousin Tom," said Charley, holding out one of his prizes by its back towards Tom, while the indignant cray-fish flapped its tail and worked about with its claws in the hopes of getting hold of something to pinch.

"I don't believe those boys have been dry for two hours together in daylight since you first came here," said Mary to Tom.

"Well, and they're all the better for it, I'm sure," said Tom.

"Yes, that we are," said Charley.

"I say, Charley," said Tom, "your sister says she is very fond of shooting."

"Ay, and so she is. And isn't she a good shot too? I believe she would beat you at fifty yards."

"There now, you see, you need not have been so unbelieving," said Mary.

"Will you give her a shot at your new hat, cousin Tom?" said Neddy.

"Yes, Neddy, that I will;" and he added to Mary, "I will bet you a pair of gloves you do not hit it in three shots."

"Very well," said Mary, "at thirty yards."

"No, no! fifty yards was the named distance."

"No, fifty yards is too far. Why, your hat is not bigger than the gold."

"Well, I don't mind splitting the difference; we will say forty."

"Very well—three shots at forty yards."

"Yes; here, Charley, run and hang my hat on that target." The boys rushed off with the hat—a new white one—and hung it with a bit of string over the centre of one of the targets, and then, stepping a little aside, stood, clapping their hands, shouting to Mary to take good aim.

"You must string my bow," she said, handing it to him as she buckled on her guard. "Now, do you repent? I am going to do my best, mind, if I do shoot."

"I scorn repentance: do your worst," said Tom, stringing the bow and handing it back to her. "And now I will hold your arrows; here is the forty yards."

Mary came to the place which he had stepped, her eyes full of fun and mischief; and he saw at once that she knew what she was about as she took her position and drew the first arrow. It missed the hat by some three inches only, and the boys clapped and shouted.

"Too near to be pleasant," said Tom, handing the second arrow. "I see you can shoot."

"Well, I will let you off still."

"Gloves and all?"

"No, of course you must pay the gloves."

"Shoot away then. Ah, that will do," he cried, as the second arrow struck considerably above the hat, "I shall get my gloves yet," and he handed the third arrow. They were too intent on the business in hand to observe that Mr. and Mrs. Porter and several guests were already on the hand bridge which crossed the haw-haw.

Mary drew her third arrow, paused a moment, loosed it, and this time with fatal aim.

The boys rushed to the target, towards which Mary and Tom also hurried, Mr. and Mrs. Porter and the new comers following more quietly.

"Oh, look here—what fun," said Charley, as Tom came up, holding up the hat spiked on the arrow which he had drawn out of the target.

"What a wicked shot," he said, taking the hat and turning to Mary. "Look here, you have actually gone through three places—through crown, and side, and brim."

Mary began to feel quite sorry at her own success, and looked at the wounded hat sorrowfully.

"Hullo, look here—here's papa and mamma and some people, and we ain't dressed. Come along, Neddy," and the boys made away towards the back premises, while Mary and Tom, turning round, found themselves in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Porter, Mr. Brown, and two or three other guests.

To be continued.

THREE WEEKS' "LOAFING" IN ARRAN.

BY CORNWALL SIMEON.

On the 13th of August (the 12th was Sunday) instead of, according to our wont, following the yet unsuspecting grouse, or endeavouring to adapt our

fly to the caprices of the wily salmon, we found ourselves anchored, or at least brought up, in Arran. We had hoped to have occupied independent quarters

on some moor on the N.W. coast, but, as the period during which we should have occupied them would probably not have exceeded six weeks or so, and might have been still further abridged, we considered that *le jeu ne valait pas la chandelle* of a year's rent, particularly as we had failed to hear of any place which exactly suited us. We therefore determined to come northwards on a roving commission, not tied to any locality, or even line of country, but with the general notion of coasting along, making inquiries as we went, and being ready, like a vagrant hermit-crab in search of a lodging, to adapt ourselves to any shell that might happen to suit us.

With this crude and indefinite plan for our autumn campaign before us, we (a friend and myself) met, by appointment, in Greenock, he hailing from the west of Ireland, where he had been enjoying some enviably pleasant fishing, myself from London.

As all the world was thus before us, and we had no particular opinion as to our first halting place, Arran was proposed; not with any idea of finding there what we were in search of in the way of sport, but because, in the first place, it was very easy of access; in the next, because we had heard much of the natural beauties of the island; and lastly, because, judging from an experience of some years, we knew quite well that if we were actually bound for any specific moor, we should not have strength of purpose sufficient to devote a day to it, and that it was now or never with us. The proposition to take advantage of our leisure thus to pay Arran a visit *en passant* being carried *nem. con.*, we came off by the *Juno*, one of the fastest of the Clyde steamers, which, conveniently enough, leaves Greenock at a quarter to four P.M., four or five hours after the arrival of the 9.15 P.M. train from the Euston station, and from which, in about three hours and a half, we disembarked at Brodick.

The Douglas Arms (better known as the Invercloy Inn), distant about a couple of hundred yards from the land-

ing place, received us—a good inn, well situated, and possessing within itself most of the attributes which conduce to the comfort of the traveller or tourist. The view from it is also very fine. To the north (the right on landing), after a spell of broken conglomerate rock, stretches out in a bold sweep the breadth of Brodick Bay, backed by a fringe of wood, from amidst which rise the dull red-sandstone turrets of the Castle, topped in their turn by the peak of Goatfell and its neighbouring heights. On the south side runs along the shore a continuation of rock of the same conglomerate formation, a strange, tufa-like substance, into which (whatever may be the fact) many of the pebbles appear to have become very recently cemented, the whole forming together solidified masses of exceeding hardness. These, cut into here and there by the sea, or perhaps separated by early intestinal commotions of the earth, present at intervals deep, straight-sided crevasses of rugged and uninviting aspect. Every now and then these rocks are intersected by those mysterious trap-dykes, which are believed to have welled up from the molten sea beneath, under the pressure of the superincumbent mass. Occasionally, again, they are succeeded by strata of sandstone, which, possessing sub-strata of different degrees of hardness, has become water-worn into most eccentric shapes and patterns—at times large holes, regular and deep enough to step a mast in, as if the seals or mermaids had been rigging up an awning there by way of a change from sea-life; at others, in an intricate and delicate tracery of honey-combed or reticulated work, altogether as though the waves had occupied their spare time and exercised their ingenuity in tooling out on it the most fantastic figures.

At a distance of about a hundred and fifty yards from the present line of coast runs what was the sea-boundary, before had taken place that upheaval of the land or subsidence of the sea, which has thus added perhaps ten miles to the circumference of the island. This in-lying shore, constantly displaying throughout

its entire extent evident marks, in cave and hollow, of the former action of the water, though now very generally clothed with wood, rises to perhaps a hundred and eighty feet above the sea-level, and then, after yielding up some hundred yards of its upper surface-level to the plough, rises again, somewhat abruptly, to form the range of hills, which mark from a distance this extremity of the island. On ascending these a good view is obtained of the south-western side. Below, on the left, rises conspicuously the bluff height of Holy Island; opposite to it lies Lamlash (the Brighton of the island as it has, in mockery, been called,) with its bay—the *tout-ensemble* of these, by the way, forming from the road between Brodick and Lamlash, a little below the highest point, as striking and perfect a landscape as it is well possible to imagine—and then to the northward rise, peak cut by peak, the tops of the Chior-Mvor and Goatfell ranges, while on either side, in the distance, the eye wanders far away to Cantire, Argyllshire, Lanark, and Ayrshire.

There is no doubt that Brodick enjoys certain features, which would probably render it in the eyes of many persons preferable to other parts of the island, such for instance as the view along the north shore, which is indisputably very beautiful, the vicinity to Goatfell, the ascent to the top of which is considered by many tourists (the majority, we believe we may say) as the one great thing to be "done;" and last, but not least, we suspect, the influx of visitors, whose arrival and departure by the steamers is daily viewed with a vacant wondering interest by the residents, and imparts an air of what a Frenchman would call "*mouvement*" to the place. Whatever may be the attractions, it is very certain that they are such as induce those who resort thither for health or pleasure to stow themselves away in holes and corners which it would probably be difficult to get them to believe they could occupy elsewhere. It would indeed be no easy matter to find another place where the British tourist is driven to adopt such

small proportions as the Isle of Arran. House-room being exceedingly limited, in consequence of restrictions as to building imposed by the owner of the soil, houses are crammed to a degree which it must be pleasanter to imagine than experience, and many are the shifts made to receive those who are determined, accommodation or no accommodation, to remain and "enjoy" themselves. Bathing-boxes at Lamlash are said to be considered luxuries at a shilling a night, and one roomy pigsty to be annually cleared of its legitimate occupants, whitewashed, and let out as "Lodgings for three people." But in spite of all these inconveniences many thousands annually come, and sun themselves on the shore, and look at the steamboats, and "do" Goatfell, and gain pleasure and health thereby, and are happy. "Small blame to them for that—if any"—let every man enjoy himself his own way, and the more of such innocent enjoyment he can get in due season the better.

There are, however, some people so peculiarly constituted that these features are not all accepted by them as attractions. The view from Inverclyde certainly possessed a great charm; but the other two—the vicinity of Goatfell (having peculiar notions of our own as to the comparative advantages and disadvantages of going up hills), and the continual influx of fresh tourists, all full of the romantic, and bent on "doing" the island in the shortest possible time—we "didn't seem to care about." The fact that we were, comparatively speaking, *habitués*, seemed to be instinctively arrived at, and we being in consequence generally pitched upon as proper sources from which to derive all the information which, it was thought, we must have amassed with regard to Goatfell, &c. &c., the answers which we were in honesty compelled to give, evinced an amount of ignorance with regard to the points in question, which must have subjected us, it is feared, to remarks expressive at once of wonder and contempt. In fact, the repetition of these questions, and the succeeding exclamation, "What! not

been up Goatfell!" became somewhat tedious, not to say aggravating, as not being wholly destitute of personal reflection.

There was also another point, which was a *sine-quâ-non* with us, namely, bathing; and in this Brodick certainly does not shine. On the southern side of the landing-place, to a considerable distance, the shore is fenced in by a series of peculiarly rugged rocks, formed, as mentioned before, of conglomerate and sandstone. From these it is possible that, when the tide is up, a passable bathing-place might be looked out; though, by the way, it may be as well to take the bearings of the place at low-water, or the swimmer may find his legs skinned on an out-lying rock, when he thought himself well in the open, and out of harm's way. When the tide is out, however, it is scarcely possible to find a more uninviting place, or one proving on trial more eminently unsatisfactory. The rocks are rough, jagged, broken, and precipitous, rarely affording even the moderate amount of room required by the bather for his toilet; and, supposing him to have been deluded into making an essay, he too frequently finds beds of sea-weed of most luxuriant growth; some with their long waving streamers, or broad fans of amber; others of more delicate texture, like threads of the finest unravelled silk, red, white, and yellow, contrasting each with each, yet blending together in perfect harmony, lovely to look at in the clear water, but to the swimmer unpleasant to the last degree. He half swims over, half wades through, this tangled garden, at length begins to congratulate himself on having overcome this difficulty, and stretches himself out in earnest for his work, when he is brought up by the interminable strings of the *chorda filum* first catching him by the neck, then the arms, then the legs. He tries to free himself from them, much as Laocoon is represented as doing by the snakes; but thicker and thicker they become—so thick at last, that the attempt has to be resigned as hopeless, and the unfortunate swimmer paddles back, as best he may,

to his extremely uncomfortable dressing-place among the angular rocks, somewhat fresher, it is true, but, like the boy with the Latin Grammar, decidedly under the impression that it is hardly worth going through so much to gain so little. This is no exaggerated account of the first and only bathe which I endured on the south side of the inn.

The next morning I fared even worse. Thinking that there *must* be some better ground further on, I prosecuted my search yard by yard, until I got nearly or quite a mile and a half from the inn. Instead of getting better, however, it appeared to become gradually worse and worse, and at last I had to give it up as a bad job, and return *re infectâ*. To improve my temper, it came on to rain as soon as I turned homewards, and I got back perfectly drenched, and with a thorough determination never to attempt to bathe on that side of the inn again.

The coast continues thus rock-bound for about a third of a mile on the other (the northern) side of the inn and landing-place, when, as you enter upon Brodick Bay, its character suddenly changes, and a long stretch of a fine, broad, white-sanded beach presents itself, separated through the greater part of its extent from the main-land by pools of water, communicating with the burn which flows into the sea on the further side. In the centre of this bay, the only part of it sufficiently distant (*quâ* decency) from the fringe of houses which skirt it, and so far as a purely sandy beach can afford good bathing, it *is* good; but, to my mind, this class of shore can never thoroughly satisfy an Epicurean in the art, diversion, or whatever it may be called. It is difficult, too, to forget that your position is commanded, though at a long range, by a large admiring population—to say nothing of the fact that this beach (the southern side of it at least) is the place where the lady visitors are wont to take their dips; the accommodation reserved for them consisting of one wretched little sentry-box, apparently just big enough to stand upright in, whence, having suited their toilet to the business in

hand, they walk down into the water. To make bathing perfect, a man should, as is happily expressed in Clough's *Bothie*, at any rate be "alone with himself and the goddess of bathing." Boats are procurable at the landing-place, and, on a calm sunny day, there is, perhaps, no way of bathing more thoroughly enjoyable than a header off the stern of a well-appointed boat into the deep, open sea; but during our short residence at Brodick, the rain was so constant, and the weather generally so coarse, that on that account alone a boat would have been anything but desirable, even had one not entertained a suspicion that, these particular boats being commonly employed for purposes of fishing, they might not unnaturally have contracted somewhat of an ancient and a fish-like smell.

While therefore fully admitting the attractions of Inverclyde and Brodick, we were, for the reasons before mentioned, fastidious enough to fancy we might elsewhere find quarters which, so far as bathing and quiet were concerned, might suit us better; so, by way of an experiment, we chartered a cart (the postman's "gig" being that day taken up with sheep and cheeses), put our belongings into it, and walked across to the Corrie Inn, kept by Mrs. Jamieson, about six miles from Brodick, the road running along the level formed by the interval between the former and the present lines of shore.

We very soon after our arrival there found that we had made a change (to our minds) for the better. The experience of the first two or three days' trial, during which we partook of "neighbour's fare" in the public room, having satisfied us that we might do worse than bring up there for a week or so, we entered upon the occupation of a snug little room on the ground-floor, where, in addition to the advantage of being freed from the necessity of exposing our ignorance to the British tourist, we could indulge in the combined luxuries of privacy and tobacco, unknown in the public room. Here did we most thoroughly "take our ease in our inn;" for the

scrupulous tidiness and quiet of the house, the care and attention of our worthy hostess, and the unremitting zeal of her excellent parlour-maid, really left little, if anything, to be desired which could contribute to our comfort.

The view from the inn is perhaps not so fine as that from Inverclyde; for, though its range is wider, inasmuch as it commands the whole length of the coast down to Holy Island, whose bold outline, in some degree reminding one of the rock of Gibraltar, shuts it in on the southward, yet it wants the symmetrical beauty of that afforded by Brodick Bay and its noble mountain background. This, however, we considered to be more than made up for in other ways—one great point in its favour being that the house stands (occupying a position at the southern extremity of the range of houses which form the village of Corrie) close to the sea-beach, which meets the green-sward running down to it. Right pleasant was it here to sit and watch through a glass the movements of the water-birds, and particularly of those grand fellows the gannets, as they cruised along, probably from their home on Ailsa Crag, on their daily business of fishing. How different is this bird's mode of setting to work from that of all others of his class! What a purpose and a dash there is about him! Easily distinguishable by his earnest flight, his otherwise snow-white plumage, and black-capped wings, from the gulls which are desultorily careering about, on he comes with his spare, gaunt-looking head, steadily, about forty or fifty yards above the water, on which his hungry, eager eye is constantly intent. Of a sudden he spies a fish. Not an instant is lost. Quick as thought he is round, and, heading down straight and perpendicularly as a lump of lead would fall, making the spray fly in all directions, and with a splash that on a still day may be heard for near half a mile, he is upon him. A quarter of a minute or more may elapse before he again emerges, the interval having afforded him sufficient time not only to capture

his prey, but apparently to bolt it; for it is but by his postprandial gulps to get it well down and settle it in his insatiable maw that his success can be generally ascertained. This process satisfactorily completed, a few long flaps on the water serve to get him under way, and he is again on wing steadily pursuing his former course, and eagerly looking out for another fish. Three or four of these birds might thus not unfrequently be seen fishing together in company, one after another taking his downward plunge, and, after it, again falling into the general line of flight.

I could not help drawing a comparison between these birds and some others of an allied class, who by their ceaseless importunities constantly obtruded themselves on our notice, and whose habits were certainly as far removed from theirs as they well possibly could be. These others were simply common domestic ducks. There were thirteen of them, this number being made up of five independent ducks, accompanied by a monstrous obese over-grown drake (weighing no less than seven pounds, his owner told me), and another duck with a brood of six half-grown ducklings. Such sensual, lazy brutes, so utterly devoted to gormandising, and so helplessly indolent I never saw. One would have thought it would have been natural for ducks, living not twenty yards from the sea, occasionally to take a bath, particularly as they had no pond in which they might besport themselves, being, indeed, so short of water that I have repeatedly seen them drinking the rain-drops off one another's backs; but only on one occasion did I ever see any of them attempt to go down to it. The five independent ducks did then, indeed, one high tide, do so, one or two of the more courageous of them venturing in far enough to wet their feet, and then back they immediately came with as much gossiping and parade as if they had performed a mighty feat. Another day, after a rainy night, I heard them in a great state of excitement by the piggery. The occasion of this, on going to see what was the matter, I found to

be that in this piggery, which was stone-faced and sunk about a foot and a half below the level of the soil, a small pond had been formed by the rain, by the edge of which some fowls were busily engaged in pecking up the waifs and strays of the pig's-trough. Now this pond was to the ducks evidently the perfection of a place to paddle in, and greatly were the fowls to be envied; but how was this precipice, which kept them from their anticipated pleasures, to be descended? They went all along the edge, quacking loudly and looking down wistfully as they went, one every now and then stopping, when she thought she had discovered a feasible place, and trying to make up her mind for the desperate leap; but it was too much. They might indeed have continued their attempts to descend, had not an incident occurred to divert them from their rash enterprise. One of them, in measuring the depth, actually got one of her legs over upon a smooth sloping stone; and, only succeeding in withdrawing it after a desperate struggle, in which she seemed to be as much alarmed as a man might when toppling over a rock a hundred feet high, she gave up the further prosecution of the attempt as hopeless and hazardous, and, turning away from the pond, was followed by the others, all quacking loudly in evident disappointment at being debarred from so charming a place of entertainment, and in envy of the fowls, whose lighter build enabled them to revel in its delicacies. The general character of the lives led by those ducks brought back to my recollection "*The Notorious Glutton*," in the Miss Taylors' clever *Original Poems*, and I could not but think that to this place might

"All little ducklings be brought by their friends
To see the disgrace in which gluttony ends."

The only feature in tame ducks which does not appear to partake in the general demoralization induced by their indolent and gormandising habits, is the eye. However much they may in other respects have become hebetated, and whatever power they may have lost in wing and leg (for all

these ducks generally, and the ducklings almost invariably, *sat* while grazing on the sward), the acuteness of eye still appears to remain unaffected; and what keenness and subtlety of expression is there not in that long, angular eye of a duck! Ever on the watch—quick to observe and ready—they seem in this respect far beyond all other denizens of the poultry-yard. Make but an unusual whistle or chirrup, while others continue to pursue their avocations regardless of it, every duck's head is at once turned up, on the watch for the winged enemy from whom they imagine it may possibly proceed.

The bathing places at Corrie, though not quite what might be wished, are yet sufficiently good. Close to the inn, just under the flagstaff, where a cutting alongside the ledge of rock which projects there, affords a harbour, partly natural, partly artificial, for the boats which wait upon the steamers, there is a corner affording ample room to dress, perfectly screened from observation, and whence a few strokes will, when the tide is up, take you into deep water, the principal thing to be guarded against being an outlying rock, projecting beyond the reef, upon which, unless you have previously noted its position, you are extremely likely (*experto crede*) to leave more of your epidermis than is at all pleasant. About a hundred and fifty yards from this place, on the north side, a mass of white sandstone projects into the sea, hog-backed near the shore, but broadening out towards its extremity, from the smooth sides of which could be taken a header of any height, up to six or eight feet, into ten or fifteen feet of the clearest water. This is, in itself, almost as perfect a bathing-place as it is possible to conceive, but it is, most unfortunately, deficient in one point, namely, seclusion, the upper part of the rock being uncomfortably exposed to the inn and other houses which skirt this part of the shore. At low-water, however, the upper part of the rock affords a sufficient shelter to any one bathing from the lower shelf of the extremity, while he can still get his header into the

open water. A few pounds laid out in the erection of a screen, and in cutting away the rock a little into dressing stages, to suit the different times of tide, would render this a glorious bathing-place.

A walk of a couple of miles takes you from the Corrie Inn to the mouth of the Sannox-burn—the road continuing along the shore in character much like that between Corrie and Brodick, the adjacent level being redolent of the fragrant bog-myrtle, and not sparingly dotted with the delicate grass of Parnassus, two plants, perhaps as much as any others, characteristic of Scotland.

The crystal Sannox-burn (the name being a corruption from Sandy Oaks, it is said), after passing through some of the finest scenery in the Island, empties itself into the sea in the centre of a fine sandy bay (in character a good deal like that of Brodick), the northern extremity of which, where it abuts on the rocky ledge which succeeds it, generally formed our afternoon bathing ground, by no means ill suited for the purpose, combining, as it does, the merits of fine sand and tolerably smooth rocks for dressing on. When on this errand we had repeatedly seen here a ring-dotterel, who seemed always to have particular business at some thirty yards from us, endeavouring thus to inveigle us further along the coast. We shrewdly suspected from these movements of hers that the cause which led her to make them was in reality in an opposite direction, and one day, happening to cross the burn, instead of going round by the bridge, sure enough, we came upon it. There it was—scuttling up the beach among the sand as hard as it could go, making excellent use of its legs—her young one. We gave chase to it, when, on finding itself detected, it immediately squatted down in a hole in the sand, and, on our coming up, allowed itself to be taken up, as if it were perfectly helpless and had not yet learnt to walk. A pretty little mottled puff-ball it was with its white ring, bright eye, and stumpy tail. It made no attempt to escape from our hands, and

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on being released nestled down again in the sand, perhaps to be complimented by its mother on the successful way in which it had played its part.

From just above this bathing-place is obtained one of the finest of the fine views up Glen Sannox, and grand indeed it is. The mass of Chior-Mvor shuts in the back-ground. Next in the range, on the right, comes Ceim-na-Caillach (the Carlin's step). Then rise the battlemented tops of Caistael Abhael (the fortress of the Ptarmigan)—a name, by the way, more poetical than accurate, inasmuch as there are no ptarmigan on the Island—while on the nearest crest old Fergus lies supine with his Roman nose and heaven-directed countenance, dreaming, may-be, of the maiden, whose bosom (Ciod-na-Oich), exposed in somewhat unmaidenly fashion, shows conspicuously on the opposite portal of the Glen.

Continuing the coast line, we come, in about a mile or rather less, to the North Sannox burn, passing on our way the remarkable "blue rock," which rises to a height of about thirty yards, and extends for perhaps a hundred, almost as smooth and perpendicular as chisel and plummet could have rendered it; while the space from its very base to the sea is occupied by a meadow level and smooth enough for a bowling-green.

The stepping-stones of the North Sannox burn having been crossed (rather an awkward job when the water is in spate), a very pleasant walk of a couple of miles or so brings us to the "Fallen Rocks," great masses of the conglomerate, which, loosened from the hill-side by some convulsion of nature, have been precipitated to their present resting-place, where they lie, some in, some out of, the water in broken confusion.

Those who are fond of foraging for themselves will have, from the blue rock northward, as well as in many other places, abundant opportunities for exerting their talents on a profusion of raspberries, the under branches of which may be found, weighed down by the fruit, among the fern through which the

comparatively sterile upper branches force their way, and also some strawberries, while the rills afford a plentiful supply of fine water-cress. To these may be added, for those who remain somewhat later in the season, nuts and blackberries, both this year in extraordinary quantities, besides, as we were informed, generally, an abundance of mushrooms.

Were we to pursue our walk, four or five miles further would bring us round the point to Loch Ranza; but it is time to turn back, varying our route, if you please, by a turn a little way up the side of the North Sannox burn. It is a sparkling quick-flowing stream, running down too rapidly from the hills to afford any but very diminutive brown trout, though every now and then a few small sea trout find their way a short distance above the sea. Some of the pools would do well enough for the fly (though the banks are throughout the lower parts of its course a good deal overgrown), but it is better suited for the worm, with which a good many may, when the water is in a proper state, be taken. They are, however, of such minute proportions, that we were not tempted to take our rods out of their cases. One pool, from its depth, breadth, and the transparent clearness of its water, offers itself invitingly for a bath; but few, we suspect, would, with the sea within such easy reach, deliberately prefer fresh water, unless indeed they might be of the same mind as a gentleman whom we met at Invercloy, and who, when the respective merits of sea and fresh-water bathing were under discussion, delivered his opinion in favour of the latter, inasmuch as he was able to *clean himself so much more easily in it*.

In one or two of the streams on the other side of the island—the Macra burn and Blackwater, for instance—(as might have been suspected from their general character, and the richer nature of the soil through which they flow during the latter portions of their course) the trout are said to run somewhat larger. Salmon are occasionally caught

near the mouth of the Macra burn, where there is a very promising looking pool close to the foot-bridge; a few sea-trout also ascend them, but we fancy that most of them would repay the angler more by the lovely scenery through which they would lead him than by their actual contributions to his basket.

The sea-fishing, too, seems to be generally indifferent. Round the southern shores of the island they get enough fish (of the ordinary kinds) to make it worth their while to go out for pleasure, if not for profit, but off Corrie there is but little to be done in this way. We only tried it, it is true, for a couple of hours one day, but the result was absolutely *nil*, and the boatmen were too honest to press us to make a second attempt. Trailing a white fly along the shore (from a boat) for whiting pollock, seemed to be there the most successful mode of fishing.

So far as shooting is concerned, the general tourist may leave his gun behind him; for though there is plenty of game on the island, it is strictly preserved, and the only objects which he would probably find to discharge it at would be some useless and unoffending gulls, which he may just as well leave in peace.

Although the weather during the earlier part of the summer had been so cold and ungenial that the swallows evidently considered it was time for them to be off, and were already congregating for their winter migration, yet a favourable change took place, of which we, together with a couple of friends who happened to be domiciled in the neighbourhood, fortunately took advantage, to make a three days' tour of the island,—that being sufficient to give a general notion of the coast scenery. As it was perfectly successful, a slight sketch of it (though it is far from our intention to infringe on the handbook department) may not be unacceptable to others, who may be inclined to do likewise.

We chartered a dog-cart for the conveyance of our small *impedimenta*, taking

a lift in it ourselves down hill and over good level ground, while we walked the rest. The first morning brought us to Lamlash, where, though crammed, as we expected, into somewhat confined quarters, we luckily escaped both the bathing-machines and the pigsty. This being but a short drive (only ten miles), we took out our leisure afternoon in a visit to and bathe from Holy Island.

Next morning, having been joined by an outlying member of our party, to suit whose convenience we had pulled up at Lamlash, we proceeded to Lag (fifteen miles by the shore road, ten by the hilly one across country), enjoying by the way a delicious bathe just beyond Whiting bay. The inn at Lag, universally well spoken of, appears to be in excellent hands, and its tidiness and the attention of the landlord and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy, made us regret that we were obliged to halt for the night further on. But the thing which made the most indelible impression on our minds was the appearance at luncheon-time of a Hebe and a bowl of potatoes. Such a specimen of a Highland Hebe, and such potatoes! The reader may remember, in Landseer's "Bolton Abbey," the figure of a lassie with a dish of fish. Let him picture to himself the former as she there appears, and for the latter substitute a bowl of perfect potatoes—heaped up, ripe, mealy, smoking, bursting through their skins as though they had fairly split their sides with laughing, and he will have some notion of the figure that is graven on our memories.

That evening took us on (about ten miles) to Shedoe, a small and not very interesting inn, whence starting (with no great reluctance) next morning, we, after devoting an hour *en route* to a visit to King's Cove, going *over* the hill and returning *round* it, so as to meet the cart by the shore (a walk of itself worth taking, to say nothing of the Cave), we baited and bathed at Imochair, a small roadside public, seven or eight miles further on, where the slaty rocks afford at low water most perfect aquariums, well stocked with animal

and vegetable life. A lovely walk and drive of eight or nine miles brought us to Loch Ranza, where a delay of nearly a couple of hours, in consequence of "some gentlemen" (as we were told, with a stress on the word "gentlemen" as we fancied) having ordered dinner, whilst *we* "had ordered only tea and herrings," gave us plenty of time to inspect the herring-boats, which, it being Saturday, were all drawn up in line, bows to shore, with a tall dark screen of nets, perhaps a quarter of a mile long, stretched before them—a very striking sight. They are fine cheery fellows those herring-fishermen. The other day at Corrie a boat came in late, after a coarse wet night, the men having been delayed from their nets getting all "harled up" by a sudden shift of wind, and consequently almost wholly unsuccessful, while other boats, in before them, had done comparatively well. One would have thought that if anything could have soured their temper it would have been this. But not a bit of it. There they were, cracking jokes with their more fortunate friends on shore, describing the mess they had got into, and telling how, while they were hung up, the herrings were "all in a boil round them, like a gale of wind," just as jolly and good-humoured

as if the luck had been all on their side.

We left Loch Ranza as the sun was setting over the castled bay and its fleet of herring-boats, and in a couple of hours found ourselves back in our snug quarters at the Corrie Inn.

That scant justice has been done in this cursory sketch to the beauties and charms of this lovely island will be felt by those who are acquainted with her, and particularly by those who avail themselves of the varied fields which she opens to the artist, geologist, or botanist; but it is, after all, no slight proof that they must be considerable, when their lotus-like influence induced us to abandon the original purpose of our expedition, and afforded us, desultory "loafers" as we were—there is no more expressive term—without any definite object of interest before us, such great and continuous enjoyment as we derived from them.

Circumstances obliging me to return a few days afterwards (August 29th) to England, I did so in the hope that it might again be my good fortune to spend as pleasant a three weeks as, having come northwards for sport, I had thus passed without it in Arran.

HISTORY AND CASUISTRY.

BY THE REV. F. D. MAURICE.

THERE is a note at page 266 of Mr. Froude's sixth volume which is of more interest to the ethical than even to the historical student; of more interest to the man who has to live and act in the world than to any student. I have heard severe comments upon it. I think it may lead those who adopt its sentiments, without weighing them, to dangerous conclusions and to an unsound practice. I think those who simply reject the doctrine of it as false and immoral will be guilty of great injustice

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to the author, will miss some valuable truth which he might teach them, will be in peril of the very error into which they suspect him of falling. Having spoken of the history generally with much admiration, I should not have a clear conscience if I did not express my mind on this passage of it.

The subject of the chapter in which the note occurs is, "The Reconciliation of England with Rome." The occasion of the note itself is the part which Sir William Cecil took in that transaction.

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The Queen was, of course, most eager for it. Her council resisted long. Even Gardiner would have preferred that Protestant doctrine should be put down by the regal power, than by a foreign Bishop. At last, however, even the moderate or latitudinarian party yielded. Pole, under certain conditions, was to be received as a legate to England, that he might accomplish the object of his life. Lord Paget and Sir Edward Hastings carried the communication of the council to him; Sir William Cecil accompanied them.

"Cecil had taken no formal part in Mary's government, but his handwriting can be traced in many papers of state; and in the Irish department he seems to have given his assistance throughout the reign. In religion, Cecil, like Paget, was a latitudinarian. His conformity under Mary has been commented upon bitterly; but there is no occasion to be surprised at his conduct; no occasion, when one thinks seriously of his position, to blame his conduct. There were many things in the Catholic creed of which Cecil disapproved; and, when his opportunity came, he gave his effectual assistance for the abolition of them; but, as long as that creed was the law of the land, as a citizen he paid the law the respect of external obedience.

"At present religion is no longer under the control of law, and is left to the conscience. To profess openly, therefore, a faith which we do not believe, is justly condemned as hypocrisy. But wherever public law extends, personal responsibility is limited. A minority is not permitted to resist the decisions of the legislature on subjects in which the legislature is entitled to interfere; and in the sixteenth century opinion was as entirely under rule and prescription as actions or things. Men may do their best to improve the laws which they consider unjust. They are not, under ordinary circumstances, to disobey them as long as they exist. However wide the basis of a government, questions, nevertheless, will ever rise between the individuals and the state—questions, for instance, of peace or war, in which the conscience has as much a voice as any other subject; where nevertheless, individuals, if they are in the minority, must sacrifice their own opinions; they must contribute their war taxes without resistance; if they are soldiers, they must take part as combatants for a cause of which they are convinced of the injustice. That is to say, they must do things which it would be impious and wicked in them to do, were they as free in obligations as citizens as they are now free in the religion which they will profess.

"This was the view in which the mass was regarded by statesmen like Cecil, and generally

by many men of plain, straightforward understanding, who believed transubstantiation as little as he. In Protestantism as a constructive theology they had as little interest as in Popery; when the alternative lay between the two, they saw no reason to sacrifice themselves for either.

"It was the view of common sense. It was not the view of a saint. To Latimer, also, technical theology was indifferent—indifferent in proportion to his piety. But he hated lies—legalized or unlegalized—he could not tolerate them. The counsels of perfection, however, lead to conduct, neither possible, nor, perhaps, desirable for ordinary men."—*Froude*, vol. vi. p. 266.

The general reflections which this note contains are likely to make us forget the special circumstance which has given occasion to them. I must, however, observe, that if we admit Mr. Froude's apology for Cecil's conformity during the reign of Mary, it will be no justification for his concurrence in the work of reconciliation. He cared more about the interests of the state than about dogmas. Why then did he sacrifice what he and the politicians of his school believed to be the interests of the State? Why did he help to replace a foreign dogmatist upon a throne from which he had been cast down? It was a question specially concerning national government and independence. Mary and Philip were surrendering to these religious maxims about which Cecil, by the hypothesis, was indifferent. I do not say that he may not have found excuses for himself in the thought that he was merely a subordinate, or that better terms might be made for the nation, if he and the moderates took part in the measure. One may imagine a number of such pleas for which allowance should be made in the case of other men, though it is safer not to meddle with the like ourselves. But the historian's argument in mitigation is likely to make the sentence, even of favourable judges, on Cecil, more severe.

This, however, was an exceptional violation of principle. I agree with Mr. Froude that Cecil's general conduct during Mary's reign ought not to be tried by the rules of a divine, or to be

treated as incompatible with the probity which we demand from a statesman. I arrive at my conclusion in this way. There are certain statesmen of the 19th century, to whom, without respect of party feelings or private predilections, we ordinarily attribute more than an average measure of honour and high feeling, men who have proved by their acts that they were willing to sacrifice their own interest to what they regarded as the public interest. I ask myself what these statesmen, judging from their acts and words in our time, would have done if they had been in the position of Cecil. I see no proof whatever that they would have behaved as he behaved in the question of the reconciliation. But I see strong proofs that they would have been as little induced as he was, by any consideration of the superior dogmatical worth of Protestantism, to refuse compliance with the belief of the Sovereign, or to fight against one that had established itself in the land.

I will take three examples of what I mean. They are not, perhaps, the best, and many more might be added. But they are selected from different schools. Those of whom I speak were, through the greater part of their lives, either openly, or in spirit and temper opposed to each other; they were as unlike as possible in character and in education; they were alike in the qualities of which I spoke before. These assertions will be admitted when I name Mr. Canning, Sir Francis Burdett, the Duke of Wellington.

In one of the debates on the Roman Catholic disabilities, Mr. Canning said he had no doubt that justification by faith was the right doctrine, but that he should suppose the idea of justification by works would be more conducive to ordinary civil morality. He spoke no doubt as an advocate. The Roman Catholics were at the time his clients. Had he been in the position of a judge, or had he been calmly reviewing historical facts, he might have owned that the hope of securing the forgiveness of Heaven by good deeds had prompted many evil deeds; had often led to a contempt

of common mundane honesty; often to a rebellion of the priest against the magistrate. He might have owned that Luther had done something with his discourses about faith, however strange and mystical they might be, to get rid of these mischiefs. But though these observations would have worked upon him powerfully when he saw any actual danger of a return to papal ascendancy, he would never have been able to translate his thoughts into the dialect of theologians; he would never have understood what they meant.

The inference is inevitable. He thought essentially as Sir William Cecil thought. Not from cowardice, not from any concession to expediency, but, in obedience to his ordinary maxims, he would have acted as Sir William Cecil acted.

He was born and bred a statesman. Sir Francis Burdett was an English country gentleman by nature, whatever he became through the lore and wit of Horne Tooke. When that influence had in some degree subsided, and he had passed into his second phase of advanced Whiggism, he undertook, it will be remembered, the charge of the Roman Catholic claims, which had been before entrusted to Mr. Plunket. In opening the question, I think in 1828, he used words to this effect. (I doubt not they may be read in "Hansard," but I happened to hear them, and the tone and bearing of the speaker were a commentary upon them which I cannot forget.) "It seems to me, Mr. Speaker, scarcely a gentlemanly thing—I own 'I do not like it—after one has been in 'friendly intercourse with some Catholic, to go up to the table of this 'house and say that he is holding 'abominable and damnable tenets.' That language expressed, I should suppose, the very heart of the man. Transubstantiation was a long word, covering a difficult subject. The intercourse between man and man, at the dinner-table and on the hunting-field, was a real thing. One meant something to him, the other almost nothing. Some men in this day who have learnt a difficult

language may call his worldly. I fancy it was less worldly because more sincere than some of that which has displaced it. He had a moral standard, if not the highest; one is not always sure whether those who affect a higher have any at all.

The Duke of Wellington is a still stronger instance. He became a statesman; he had many of the qualities of the English country gentleman; but he was formed in the camp. Notions of military discipline determined to a great degree his thoughts of civil policy, of ordinary morality, and of divinity. We all know how he felt and acted in reference to one great question of his day. He had no notion of admitting Roman Catholics to any civil privileges, from which the law had excluded them, merely on some general theory or dogma of toleration. People ought to keep step and preserve marching order. If they would not, he cared little about the particular scruples which were the excuses for their irregularity. The thing that existed should be upheld. The Government must be carried on. But if the State was endangered by withholding civil privileges from Roman Catholics, the Prime Minister must not let his own crotchets, his liking to be thought consistent, his party, anything whatever, stand in the way of his conceding them. Such was the unvarying maxim of the Duke's life, leading of necessity to some variable acts, but in itself entitling him to the name of a man of principle, warranting the belief which his countrymen formed of him, that he worshipped duty with a profound and habitual worship. It is clear, I think, that he would have considered it a part of that worship to support the Queen's Government, whether the Queen was Mary, Elizabeth, or Victoria; any points of doctrine in which they might differ from each other in any wise notwithstanding.

If I extended this observation so as to make it include the late Sir Robert Peel, bred though he was under Oxford divines, and in Oxford Protestant dogmatism, I believe a majority of those

who observed his course of action would agree with me. So that Mr. Froude may have a stronger case in defence of his hero than he has himself made out. But then, what would become of his second paragraph, wherein he draws a distinction between the sixteenth century and the nineteenth, and affirms that what would be hypocrisy in one time was not hypocrisy in the other? "Religion," he says, "is no longer under the control of the law, but is left to the conscience." If he means that lawgivers and statesmen have not as much hope of coercing religious opinions by law in the nineteenth century as some of them had in the sixteenth, he is maintaining a proposition which few will dispute. But how does that proposition affect the subject? We are not speaking of the means which men took to bring those who differed from them into conformity with one opinion or another, but of the principles on which they regulated their own conformity. The Duke of Wellington did not care to persecute; neither did Cecil. One as much as the other conceived of religion as an instrument for making men well-behaved and orderly, disliked anything passing under the name which they supposed led to ill-behaviour or disorder. I cannot perceive the difference. Neither do I understand as a general principle what is meant by religion being under the control of law in one age, and left to the conscience in another. Religion is a Roman word, not a word of the Old or the New Testament. It must be interpreted by Roman rules and Roman habits. So interpreted, it will always, I conceive, involve the idea of obligation, of obligation to some authority or some law. It may be an obligation to the highest authority or to a secondary authority; to the highest law, or merely to a state law. It may be an obligation to a good power, or to an evil power. It may be an obligation on the senses or the fears, or upon the conscience, the will, the reason. But whichever be its force I cannot give any distinct meaning to Mr. Froude's antithesis. His compa-

rison cannot be one of periods ; it must be one of corresponding classes in those periods. There are many in our time who, like the Duke of Wellington, habitually regard the preservation of the established order of a society as their paramount duty. There are those who would sacrifice the order of society to tastes, notions, habits, prejudices of their own. There are those who believe that there is a permanent eternal order, which ascends above the existing established order, and therefore transcendently above all their own fancies, judgments, opinions ; who reverence the order of the State for the sake of that higher order, and as a witness of it ; who would never offend the one except when they feel that they are under a stern necessity of asserting the other. There were men answering to all these classes in the England of the sixteenth century. No one has shown this more clearly and powerfully than Mr. Froude. He has exhibited to us the man of crotchets, of private judgments, who, for the sake of an opinion about a surplice, would disturb a nation and perplex men's moral principles. He has shown us, as he expresses it so well in this note, men who hated "lies, legalised or unlegalised, who could "not tolerate them, who died rather "than seem to tolerate them ;" men, I will add, who hated lies because they believed in a truth which neither they, nor all the states in the world, could alter in the least degree. Mr. Froude has told us facts which are even more consolatory. He has shown us how men like Hooper, who carried with them some of the bad leaven of the one class, were purified in the fire till they were made real witnesses—not for their opinions, but for God. On the other hand, he shows how some of those who had been most pertinacious in their zeal for points either of doctrine or of behaviour, who had most denounced their brethren as temporisers, were the first to apostatize in the day of trial, the first to show that they had really believed nothing. It is most important that a phrase like that by which Mr.

Froude has divided the sixteenth from the nineteenth century should not deprive us of these encouragements and these warnings ; should not lead us to think that we live under a different dispensation from the statesmen and Churchmen in the days of the Tudors.

If our historian has supplied a correction of his own ethical statements in his narratives of facts and his biographies of men, he has made that correction still stronger and more valuable by an analogy which at first we might be disposed to treat as unfortunate and dangerous. He has referred us to those numerous questions concerning which the judgment of the individual is not at one with the judgment of the State of which he is a member and which he serves. The most striking of these questions concerns the duties of a soldier. A man is pledged to fight for his country, whatever wars his country may engage in. Some of them seem to him unjust. Mr. Froude pronounces that soldiers are bound to do as they have engaged to do, but that it would be "impious and wicked" for them to take this course "if they were "as free in their obligations as soldiers "as they are *now* free in the religion "which they will profess."

Every reader will be startled by these words when he first meets with them. He will feel as if they had brought before him a tremendous practical contradiction. He will be apt to say to himself, "I may be very free in the "religion which I profess ; but that religion which I profess, whether I am a "Roman Catholic, an English Churchman, or Protestant Dissenter, will not "leave me free to do a wrong thing. If "it is wrong for me to fight in a certain "cause, it tells me that I must not fight "in that cause ; if it is right for me to "fight, it tells me that I must fight. "How then can I separate this religious profession from these civil or "military obligations ?" Here is one difficulty which is sure to present itself to a man some time in the course of his life. It is the very difficulty which has led many British officers to fear the in-

introduction of any instruction, but more especially of strong religious instruction, among their men. May not questions be raised by this instruction, which would greatly interfere with their military obedience?

Mr. Froude's own words force these thoughts upon us. "Wicked" and "impious" are religious epithets. They presume a man to be recognising some religious authority or principle. On the other hand the corresponding phrase is ambiguous. What is meant by being free in our obligations as citizens? Before a citizen is at liberty to make his own judgment the rule of his actions he must be free from his obligations as a citizen. Introduce that slight and necessary emendation, and the whole argument, as Mr. Froude has stated it, becomes a *reductio ad absurdum*. A man freeing himself from the obligations of a citizen is, *ipso facto*, an impious and wicked man. A man who will acknowledge no authority but his own is an enemy of the human race; and he is no greater enemy of any man than of himself. Is, then, the condition to which we have "now" come, in respect of our religious profession, one which becomes utterly ridiculous and monstrous when it is applied to any subject except that? Does the freedom which we have acquired in our religious profession render that profession utterly inoperative upon any moral acts except to confuse them and make them utterly inconsistent?

Mr. Froude has done us an immense service in leading us to face this difficulty. We have been tampering with it and playing with it, and the effect upon our conduct and character has been most disastrous. If we begin from the case of the soldier, I think we shall find that the first conclusion of the simplest man accords with the last conclusion of the most thoughtful and reflecting man. The soldier enlists in the service of his country, believing it to be a good service; not doubting that he ought to fight for his country; leaving to wiser men the decision of what the country

should do or should not do. He acquires more light; doubts are excited in his mind which were not there before. "Governments do very wrong" things sometimes. Will his conscience let him do what Governments prescribe? Must he not resolve for himself whether we are right in holding India or attacking China? This is an unhappy condition of mind. I do not wonder that those who observe all the mawkishness and uncertainty which accompany it,—who see the worse than weakness which may follow from it—should dread any influences that may possibly lead to it. But let them be sure that it is a transitional state of mind; that only hasty measures for crushing it can fix it into a permanent one; that the dangers of it will always be counteracted by the very causes which have excited them; that the true remedy for it lies in a more enlarged education and a stronger faith. There is always bewilderment in the awakening of any man's conscience. The visions of the night mingle with the voice which announces that it is morning. The half-sleeper fancies that all are sleeping and dreaming except himself. Conscience becomes strangely mingled with conceit; his judgments are infallible. When his conscience speaks more distinctly, it rebukes nothing so much as this very conceit. It whispers no lesson to him so certainly as that he is a fool. It tells him that, till he has risen out of his own private separate judgment, he can do nothing that is right, think nothing that is right. It reminds him of his relation to other beings; of his dependence upon them. It tells him of a truth which is theirs as well as his; which is infinitely precious to all men; for the sake of which each man must be content to sacrifice himself.

How do these lessons present themselves to the mind of the soldier? You fancy he must make some fine metaphysical division of himself; that he must say, "As soldier I think and act" so and so; as a man I think and act quite differently." No such miserable

refinement will enter into his mind unless you put it there. His work as a soldier is his work as a man. It is the work which *he* is called to do. If he were a legislator, he must do the work of legislation. He must shrink from no toil to find out what the duty of England is to China or India; he must be drawn aside from the task of resolving by no traditions, party feelings, personal feelings, by no engagement in tasks which are not his. He who would desert his post as a soldier to speculate about India or China would desert his post as a legislator, to perform some freak in India or China. In each case the deserter from his rank is a deserter from the cause of truth. In each case he who serves his country most zealously in his vocation, serves Truth best. He has faith in a true God. He can commit his judgments to Him. If they are right, He will give effect to them. Nothing can be done to establish them by neglecting a plain obvious duty. He cannot change his country's mind, if it is a wrong mind; he will only make it worse by doing wrong himself. On then, with a clear heart, for life or death. The origin of the battle is not his; the result is not his. All he can do is to fulfil his trust, and throw himself away.

These are no fancies or refinements. This is the process by which the plain brave citizen and soldier is led out of fancies and refinements into the honest performance of his task. He does not perform it better because he is a machine, he performs it worse. There is nothing to rouse the energy of a machine. He must pass into something else before he can respond to any true war-cry. An appeal to his hearth and home would be utterly lost upon him, if it did not rouse him to know that he is *not* a machine. Whilst he still half-suspects himself to be one, he is liable to all those sudden and bewildering impressions to which I have alluded; those from which he only escapes when he begins to forget himself in the belief and worship of the God of his fathers.

It has been impossible to speak fully of this subject without intruding upon the other; so artificial is the barrier which Mr. Froude has raised between the man in his two characters of a citizen and a worshipper; so obvious would that impossibility be if for worshipper he had not substituted the phrase of *one who professes a religion*.

The confusion between the conceits of our own mind and the conscience which bears witness for an immutable law that governs them, has become very serious in our Protestant community. That so clear-sighted a man as Mr. Froude should have yielded to it is a great proof of its power and prevalency. But it is beginning to be shaken in those who have entertained it most. Protestants are discovering that very inconvenient private judgments may be exercised in favour of the vestments and practices of the Scarlet Lady as well as against them. They are appealing impatiently to State authority, to ecclesiastical authority, to mob authority, against those private judgments. Bystanders who do not concur in these appeals—who adhere strictly to the maxim that private opinions, however much they may interfere with public peace can never be reached by the public sword—feel, nevertheless, that the man of any school who habitually confounds his own opinions with truth will cease to believe in truth, will lose all power of distinguishing between the accidental and the essential, the temporary and the permanent; will become the slave of trifles, and if opportunity enables him, a persecutor on behalf of them; will indemnify himself for the insecurity of his conclusions, by injuring, so far as in him lies, those who do not adopt them. In fact, the noble assertion of a right to think, the right to be human, which our ancestors made, is rapidly passing into the right *not* to think, but simply to hold an opinion, because it is ours, against all invasions of thought, against all communion with other minds. That right no doubt belongs to the free-born Englishman; but, as was once re-

marked in reference to the kindred and equally inalienable right of talking nonsense, the seldomer he exercises it the better.

That apparent opposition between the strongest convictions of the statesman and the strongest convictions of the Churchman, upon which I have dwelt in this article, is leading our minds in the same direction as these observations. Mr. Froude, considering that opposition as belonging peculiarly to the sixteenth century, takes Cecil as adopting "the view of common sense," Latimer as following "the counsels of perfection." I believe that this language is very misleading, and that it is not in harmony with the facts from which it is deduced. I should say that just so far as the statesman of either period understood his own position, he was bearing witness for plain morality and political order against all which seemed to him to stand in the way of either, whether that proceeded from mere animal lawlessness or from spiritual subtleties. If he sees almost nothing beyond the law and the customs of the State in which he is living, *these* he is determined at any price, against any persons whatsoever, to uphold. This may be called the view of common sense. I do not object to the phrase. *Common* sense is the opposite of *private* sense, of *idiotic* sense, which some will affirm is no sense at all. But then I say that Latimer and such as he were the asserters of this common sense more perfectly than the statesman was. I say that they perceived a point at which the common sense of the statesman became a partial and narrow sense; and that they appealed to something more common, more universal, less capable of being limited by private tastes and judgments. I say that they did this because they followed no counsels of perfection, aspired to be no saints; but, seeing that the question before them was whether they should worship God or the devil, swore in God's strength that they would worship Him

and not the devil, whichever way their private judgment might incline.

If this be so, the man who takes Latimer's course and the best English statesman, whether they understand one another or not, are working for the same end, and each is necessary for the support and correction of the other. If the William Cecil of Queen Elizabeth's reign was nobler in his policy, nobler even as a man than the same Cecil in Queen Mary's reign, he had Latimer and the martyrs to thank for his elevation. They had taught him that there is such a thing as truth, and that whatever were his temptations as a politician and a diplomatist to lie, he must in some sort in his own vocation aim at truth and try to be true. The Robert Cecil whom he begat had been brought up amid no such lessons. Therefore he became a cleverer and a poorer statesman than his father, fit to aid the statecraft of a Stuart king, totally unfit to cope with the earnest convictions of the Stuart period. In our day, I believe, the other side of the truth comes out. The maxims of the statesman *may* degrade the Churchman, *may* lead him to think that there is nothing better for him than to become a tool of the State, and to receive its hire. But they may cure him of some of his own delusions, they may break in pieces some of his peculiar idols. The common sense of such a man as the Duke of Wellington may teach us that if we have not common sense—that if we are only pursuing some partial technical sense—we are worthy of his scorn, even if we dignify that partial technical sense as a counsel of perfection. It may teach us that there is need in this day, as much as there was in Mary's days, of men who look to a higher judgment than their own, or than all the judgments upon earth. If we have not such men, I believe that statesmanship will wither, almost as rapidly as churchmanship; that Protestantism and Catholicism will alike terminate in Atheism.

